POOR MICHAEL JACKSON

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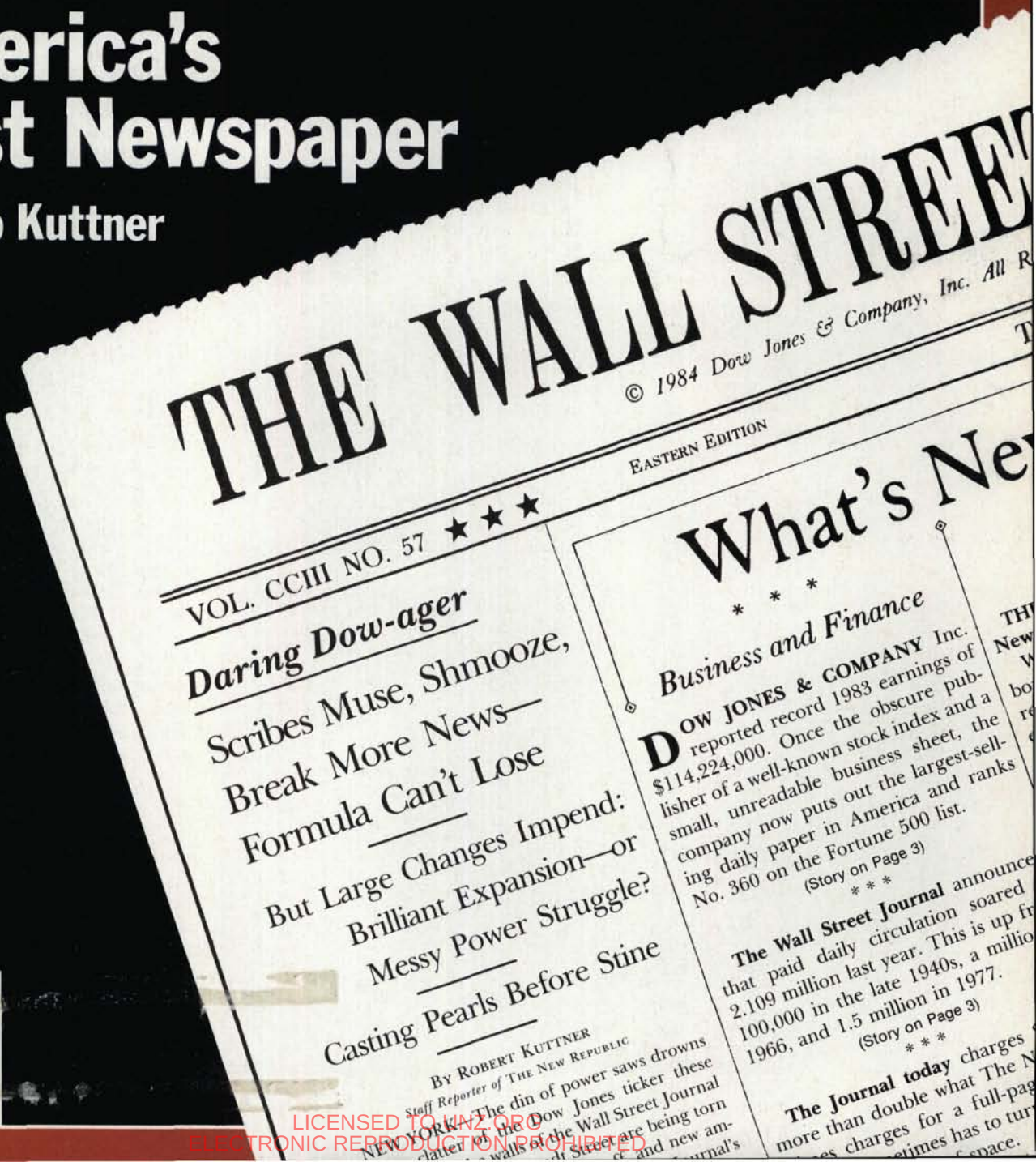
God and Hartpence at Yale

STANLEY HOFFMANN • REAGAN'S WHITTAKER CHAMBERS • SLEAZEGATE • HELEN VENDLER

THE NEW REPUBLIC

America's Best Newspaper

By Bob Kuttner


THE WALL STREE

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EASTERN EDITION

VOL. CCIII NO. 57 ★★★

Daring Dow-ager

Scribes Muse, Shmooze, Break More News— Formula Can't Lose

But Large Changes Impend: Brilliant Expansion—or Messy Power Struggle?

Casting Pearls Before Stine

BY ROBERT KUTTNER
Staff Reporter of THE NEW REPUBLIC

What's Ne

* * *

Business and Finance

DOW JONES & COMPANY Inc. reported record 1983 earnings of $114,224,000. Once the obscure publisher of a well-known stock index and a small, unreadable business sheet, the company now puts out the largest-selling daily paper in America and ranks No. 360 on the Fortune 500 list.

(Story on Page 3)

* * *

The Wall Street Journal announce that paid daily circulation soared 2,109 million last year. This is up fr 100,000 in the late 1940s, a millio 1966, and 1.5 million in 1977.

(Story on Page 3)

* * *

The Journal today charges more than double what The N charges for a full-pag

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CORRESPONDENCE

PEACE TALKS

To the editors:
Yes, the idea of a National Academy of Peace and Conflict Resolution has been oversold ("Peace of Mindlessness," TNR, March 12). However, the fact remains that a great deal has been learned in recent decades about how to resolve disputes in a manner more satisfactory to the involved parties than open conflict. Practical methods have been developed and are in use in many settings such as community and divorce mediation centers. Such methods certainly are not suitable for all conflicts and are quite unlikely to bring a era of peace in which difficult political and moral decisions are no longer necessary. But the large number of conflicts with which these methods *can* be helpful would make a National Academy of Peace and Conflict Resolution well worth its modest cost.

LES BRUNSWICK
Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania

To the editors:
The reader of Emily Yoffe's philippic on the Peace Academy proposal is presented with a classic case for students of conflict resolution. Indeed, what more difficult adversary to face across a negotiating table than one armed with an agenda to obstruct informed dialogue on what is essentially a beneficent undertaking?

Evincing very little knowledge about either the substance or the promise of conflict resolution and the field of peace research, Ms. Yoffe is content to deride selected views from among those who know the field best—Kenneth Boulding, Roger Fisher, and James Laue. Ultimately, Ms. Yoffe's sarcasm so intrudes on her attempted explication of the Peace Academy effort that she leaves her readers sadly ignorant of the lively debate surrounding a proposal that is taken seriously by scores of politicians, diplomats, educators, and researchers across the country.

In a forum that is intended to study the management of conflict, we can only welcome any serious effort at constructive criticism. Readers were denied the opportunity to judge for themselves whether peace research trivializes politics, or whether Ms. Yoffe trivializes peace research.

MILTON C. MAPES Jr.
National Peace Academy Campaign
Washington, D.C.

RAGE

To the editors:
I think Sidney Blumenthal's "Mondale's Days of Rage" (TNR, April 2) is a silly and irresponsible article.

It includes fifteen factual errors, five quotes which were fabricated, eleven statements characterizing Mr. Mondale's viewpoint that are fundamentally misleading, and four descriptions of sequences of events that are out of sequence. The author made no effort to discuss the subject with any official of the Mondale campaign responsible for campaign strategy.

Don't you think an apology to Mr. Mondale might be appropriate?

JAMES A. JOHNSON
Campaign Chairman
Mondale for President
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:
We stand by the article.

RUNNING ON EMPLOYMENT

To the editors:
William Schneider's "Running on Empty" (TNR, March 5) rightly points out that President Reagan's chief weakness is the economy, but he left out one important word—jobs. We do not have enough jobs for those who want them, and we do not have enough good jobs.

Our high levels of unemployment and underemployment have not been cured by the recovery—in fact much of our unemployment is becoming "structural." One wonders if this is a part of a deliberate policy to keep labor in its place and lower costs for business.

An alternative Democratic program should emphasize jobs for everyone who wants them. If we expanded subsidies for job training and programs such

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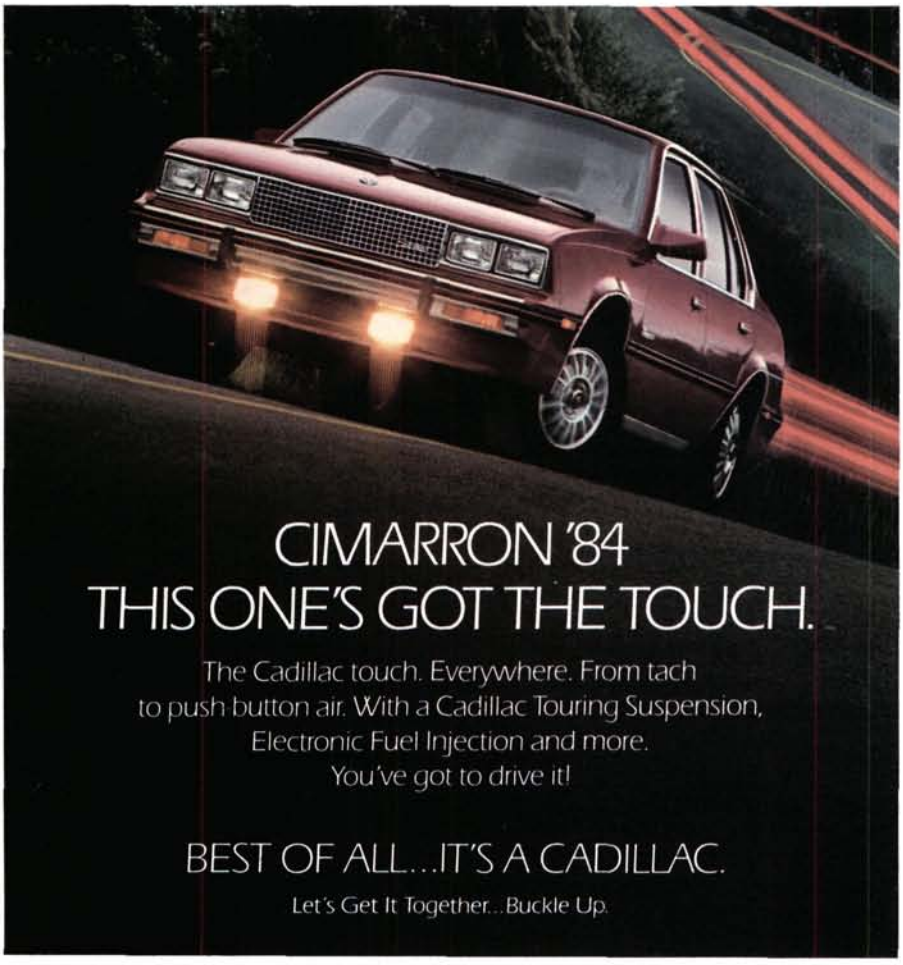
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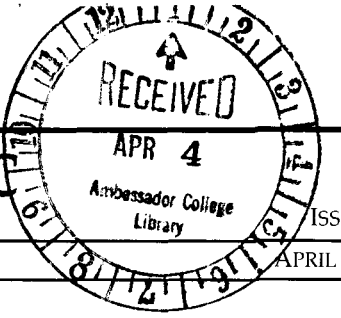

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FROM WASHINGTON

THE PRISONER OF COMMERCE

At age 5, Michael J. was a healthy, normal child with a talent for music. Today, twenty years later, he lives in what observers describe as a "fantasy world," isolated physically behind tall gates and mentally in a Disney landscape, which he thinks is real. His favorite toy is an electric car modeled after Mr. Toad's Wild Ride at Disneyland. "He has had no adult life," writes one journalist who has studied his case. His closest friends are animals ("I think they're sweet," he explains), including a pet boa constrictor ("Snakes are very misunderstood"), and several life-size mannequins. ("I surround myself with people I want to be my friends. And I can do that with mannequins. I'll talk to them.")

Michael J. has developed weird androgynous looks and a high falsetto voice. He favors an eccentric half-military, half-debutante style of dress. His keepers deny that he takes female sex hormones, but admit that he's had plastic surgery to give his face a softer look. Does he mind appearing schizophrenic? "I don't mind. I feel I'm Peter Pan as well as Methuselah, and a child."

Doctor, what has happened to Michael J.? What's happened is that Michael Jackson has become the most successful musical performer ever, if success is measured in dollars (as of course it is). His album *Thriller* has sold 31 million copies. His next tour is expected to gross $100 million. He's bigger than Sinatra, Elvis, the Beatles, Jesus, Beethoven—all of them.

Michael Jackson's extreme abnormality is part of his act. Unless the media are perpetrating a gigantic hoax, it's also genuine. He's a freak. This total merging of person and performance is central to today's rock music, and for all I know, it's art. But is it life? Of course artists throughout history have sacrificed their lives, even their minds, for art. But two features of Michael Jackson's sacrifice make it different.

First, he never really had much of a choice. As soon as Joe Jackson realized that his sons (who became the "Jackson 5") had musical talent, he began training them two to three hours a day. "They got a little upset at the beginning," he told *Time* magazine. Michael Jackson recalls in a paperback called *The Michael Jackson Story*, "When I was five, I was touring, singing, and dancing. Always gone, always out of school." In 1968, when Michael was 10, the Jacksons were discovered by Berry Gordy of Motown, who moved them to Los Angeles. Michael, already clearly the star, lived for a year and a half with Diana Ross instead of his family. Published Jacksonalia contain some vague references to school, but the Jackson office in Hollywood refuses to give a straight answer about what schooling Michael had and how far he got.

At first, Motown marketed the Jacksons as a wholesome midwestern black family, and Michael as clean-cut and cute. During the 1970s, however, the image got funkier, especially after the family switched allegiances to a record division of CBS in 1976. During his teenage years, when most children face an incentive structure that encourages them to act mature and rational, Michael Jackson was getting positive feedback for remaining childlike (voice and all) and turning weird. (Age 19, 1977: "I love rats, you know. . . . I really do feel like I'm talking to a friend when I play with them.")

This points up a second way Michael Jackson's sacrifice for art is different from, say, van Gogh's. Jackson's art is also big-time commerce. Corporations supervised his development, and even bigger corporations are making millions off of him: CBS (which features Jackson on the cover of its 1983 Annual Report), Pepsico (which has $50 million riding on a Jackson ad campaign), Time Inc. (which sells magazines by putting him repeatedly on its covers), and others. It's happened in front of millions of paying customers.

What's happened to Michael Jackson isn't too different from what they used to do to young male singers in Europe a few centuries ago, to keep their voices sweet. In another way, it resembles the exploitation of child stars like Judy Garland in the heyday of the Hollywood studios. In fact, what American capitalism has done to Michael Jackson is even a bit like what the Soviets do to their women athletes.

A sickening cover story on Jackson in the March 19 *Time* takes as its theme that there is something wonderful about being an incompetent human being. "Jackson's world of fantasy is easier to dismiss with malicious gossip than understand with sympathy," *Time* scolds. It quotes Steven Spielberg: "He's like a fawn in a burning forest." Describing Jackson "chatting and swapping gestures with E.T.," Spielberg reflects, "I wish we could all spend some time in his world." Jane Fonda reports on a week ostensibly spent talking with Jackson about "acting, life, everything. Africa. Issues." Her conclusion? "His intelligence is instinctual and emotional, like a child's. If any artist loses that childlikeness, you lose a lot of creative juice. So Michael creates around himself a world that protects his creativity." *Time* notes with approval: "His friends [sic] . . . help him keep life at bay and illusion near at hand."

The only truly normal thing *Time* describes Jackson doing is listening to the soundtrack of *Oklahoma*. Of this, the magazine remarks defensively: "Jackson . . . can rise above embarrassment on such matters of taste."

Yes, I know, it's hard to feel sorry for Michael Jackson. Millions of dollars and zillions of adoring fans, a huge party in New York at which, says *Rolling Stone*, "a procession of CBS executives" rises to declare fealty. If he wants a duplicate of the Disneyland "Pirates of the Caribbean" ride built in his house (and he does), he can have it. But how many CBS executives or editors of *Time* would want their own child, at age 25, to want such a thing, to be babbling about misunderstood snakes, to be "like a fawn in a burning forest"?

Michael Jackson supposedly is writing a book. Not an autobiography—"You know, he's not forty years old," his agent explains—but rather a "statement" involving "pictures and drawings and poetry, and then a substantial text." His editor is Jacqueline Onassis.

Write, hell. Can Michael Jackson read?

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
APRIL 16, 1984

THE REAGAN 45

"It's an election year," Edwin Meese III, Counselor to the President, told *Newsweek* when asked about the trouble he is having in getting confirmed as Attorney General. "I think that explains the whole thing." As a matter of fact, partisan politics does explain some of the fuss being made over Mr. Meese's string of sweetheart loans from California cronies, the federal jobs those lenders then received with phenomenal regularity, Mr. Meese's extraordinary promotion to colonel in the Army Reserve, and his persistent memory failures about references in his files to Republican spies in Jimmy Carter's White House.

But it is precisely so that one party can keep an eye on the other and expose its failings in election years that the United States has a two-party system. It was the job of Democrats on the Senate Judiciary Committee to cast a cold eye on Mr. Meese's record. Had that record been clean—and it would not have had to be flawless, either, Senators being pretty realistic about the affairs of their political peers—Mr. Meese would have long since been sworn in to succeed William French Smith, his lack of distinguished legal experience (a quality he shares with Mr. Smith) notwithstanding. Confirmation should have been all the more routine given the fact that the U.S. Senate is currently in Republican hands. But the Democrats produced enough credible evidence to raise doubts about Mr. Meese's fitness even among Republicans. His nomination ran into trouble and now the Administration has been driven to seek a special prosecutor.

We are not about to judge Mr. Meese guilty of influence-peddling or any other impropriety. The legality of his conduct is now for a special prosecutor, and if need be a judge and jury, to assess. Mr. Reagan is right to stick with his man if he believes him innocent, and the Senate should postpone judgment on Mr. Meese's confirmation pending the special prosecutor's report.

It is not too early, however, to feel some relief that the sleazy side of this oh-so-sanctimonious Administration is coming into full public view at last. The President goes on and on about the need to uplift moral values in American society, portraying his liberal opposition as somehow allied with forces of decadence and corruption. He has self-righteously set his well-fed budget-carvers loose on programs for the poor, pre-defining whatever they excise as "waste, fraud, and abuse" and the victims of their cuts as undeserving. For years, Mr. Reagan has made it a mainstay of his political oratory to condemn "welfare queens" and food stamp cheats, and it was in that tradition that Mr. Meese claimed last Christmas that hunger is an exaggerated phenomenon in America and that poor people stand in soup lines because they prefer their food free. Mr. Meese also has condemned the progressive income tax as "immoral," which also reflects the Reagan belief system that accords superior standing to the wealthy ("producers") than to the less fortunate.

After sitting patiently through more than three years of moral posturing from on high, the public is beginning to awaken to the realization that the Reagan Administration has in fact been peopled with a remarkable collection of corner-cutters, cheats, and trimmers—a choir of anti-government evangelists who often lose their distaste for government power when they see its potential for private gain. The House Democratic campaign chairman, Tony Coelho, has condemned "a long and growing pattern of ethical misconduct by Reagan Administration appointees." Walter F. Mondale is campaigning against Mr. Reagan's "sleaze factor." And Senator Gary Hart charges that "abuse of government has become a way of life in this Administration."

Beyond broad allegations, the Democrats have begun compiling lists of Reagan appointees who have gotten into ethical problems of one sort or another since 1981. The roll numbers nearly fifty, including twenty-five high-ranking appointees who have resigned, have been fired, or have

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had their nominations withdrawn in the wake of scandals involving their integrity. The list is truly awesome. Here it is:

Richard V. Allen, White House National Security Adviser—resigned in 1982 after it was disclosed he received $1,000 in cash and three wristwatches from a Japanese newsman.

Frederic André, commissioner of the Interstate Commerce Commission—said in 1982 he saw nothing wrong with trucking companies conspiring to fix prices or with a convicted felon's operating a trucking business from jail.

Malcolm Baldridge, Secretary of Commerce—spent $15,272 on office furnishings.

Donald Bogard, president of the Legal Services Corporation—contracted for the government to pay for his membership in a private club and for his trips home to Indianapolis and to provide him severance pay.

Charles M. Butler III, Federal Energy Regulatory Commission chairman—recused himself from past cases involving former law clients, but not new cases.

Anne M. Burford, Environmental Protection Agency administrator—resigned after disclosures that E.P.A. showed persistent favoritism to industrial polluters.

Robert Burford, director of the Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management—obtained a waiver from regulations allowing him to own an interest in grazing land administered by his bureau.

Carlos C. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Economic Development—resigned amid allegations he awarded grants to firms with questionable credentials, some operated by personal friends.

Joseph Canzeri, White House assistant to the President—resigned following disclosures that he had billed both the government and the Republican National Committee for expenses and that he had received large loans at favorable rates to buy a Washington home.

Gerald Carmen, General Services administrator—failed to list a $425,000 low-interest government loan on a financial disclosure form; allegedly placed family members and friends in government jobs.

William J. Casey, Director of the Central Intelligence Agency—traded oil and computer stocks worth $3 million in 1982 despite his access to sensitive financial intelligence; refused (until 1983) to place holdings in blind trust; allegedly (he denied it) handled documents purloined from Jimmy Carter's White House.

Michael J. Connolly, general counsel, Equal Employment Opportunity Commission—resigned amid allegations he conspired to end an E.E.O.C. investigation of a company represented by his brother.

Michael Deaver, White House deputy chief of staff—used his White House position to promote a diet book he wrote and deferred royalty payments to escape provisions of the Ethics in Government Act. Like Mr. Meese, received a loan arranged by California accountant John McKean, who won appointment as a governor of the U.S. Postal Service.

Raymond J. Donovan, Secretary of Labor—accused of ties to union corruption and organized crime; was investigated by a special prosecutor who found evidence to support the charges, but not enough to seek an indictment.

Guy W. Fiske, Deputy Secretary of Commerce—resigned in 1983 after allegations he negotiated the sale of weather satellites to the COMSAT Corporation at the same time he was seeking a job with COMSAT.

Robert Funkhouser, E.P.A. director of international activities—resigned after allegations that he helped the Dow Chemical Company influence trade talks on toxic chemicals.

William Harvey, chairman of Legal Services Corporation—collected $25,000 in consulting fees from the government over an eleven-month period.

Reverend Sam Hart, U.S. Civil Rights Commission nominee—nomination withdrawn after disclosures he failed to pay local taxes, defaulted on a federal small business loan, and was delinquent on a state loan repayment.

Arthur Hull Hayes—Food and Drug Adminstration administrator—billed the government for trips paid for by businesses and trade associations, accepted speaking fees from private groups with interests before the F.D.A.

William S. Heffelfinger, Assistant Secretary of Energy—accused of falsifying his résumé, deceiving federal investigators, and violating civil service merit protection regulations.

J. Lynn Helms, Federal Aviation administrator—resigned after allegations he operated a business that took over small companies and bled them of assets.

John Hernandez, deputy E.P.A. director—resigned after allegations he invited Dow Chemical Company to "edit" a draft of a report on dioxin contamination near the company's plant in Midland, Michigan.

Donald Hovde, Undersecretary of Housing and Urban Development—took trips to Puerto Rico and Italy paid for by builders and realtors, repaid $3,000 after charges he used government chauffeurs for private travel.

Max C. Hugel, Deputy Director, C.I.A.—resigned after allegations he engaged in fraudulent stock dealings before taking office.

Rita Lavelle, chief of toxic waste cleanup, E.P.A.—fired after allegations of favoritism to polluters, convicted of perjury before Congress.

Dennis E. LeBlanc, associate administrator of the Commerce Department's National Telecommunications and Information Administration—took $58,500 annual government salary on "detail" to the President's California ranch to chop wood and clear brush.

Leslie Lenkowski, nominated to be deputy director of U.S. Information Agency—accused in Congressional staff report of lying to Congress about responsibility for a "blacklist" of persons barred from speaking abroad for U.S.I.A.

John Lehman, Secretary of the Navy—accused of failing to fully divest himself of his defense consulting firm, the Abingdon Corporation.

James L. Malone, Assistant Secretary of State—accused by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of lobbying for

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a former client, the Taiwan Power Company, before the Export-Import Bank.

William E. McCann, ambassador to Ireland—nomination withdrawn after allegations he was involved in shady business deals and had connections to organized crime.

John McElderry, Denver regional administrator, Department of Health and Human Services—resigned after allegations he used his federal position to promote and sell Amway products.

Robert Nimmo, administrator of the Veterans Administration—resigned after disclosures he spent $54,183 redecorating his office, misused charter aircraft, and used government cars for personal affairs.

William Olsen, board member of the Legal Services Corporation—collected $19,721 in consulting fees in 1982.

Richard N. Perle, Assistant Secretary of Defense—urged the Secretary of the Army in 1982 to buy weapons from an Israeli firm that had paid him $50,000 in consulting fees prior to his joining the government.

Thomas Reed, Deputy National Security Adviser—resigned after disclosures that he engaged in insider stock trading.

Armand Reiser, counselor to the Department of Energy—resigned after disclosures he failed to reveal $106,000 in earnings from five energy-related companies.

James W. Sanderson, nominated as assistant administrator at E.P.A.—nomination withdrawn after disclosures he represented companies regulated by E.P.A. while consulting for the agency.

Emanuel J. Savas, Assistant Secretary of HUD—resigned after allegations he used HUD employees to work on a private book and charged the government for private travel.

Bill J. Sloan, California regional director, HUD—reprimanded and forced to pay back $6,800 he charged the government for private travel and meals.

William French Smith, Attorney General—took advantage of an impermissible tax shelter after being nominated and accepted $50,000 severance pay from a company on whose board he served.

Nancy H. Steorts, chairman, Consumer Product Safety Commission—spent $10,000 in government funds to redecorate her office.

Paul Thayer, Deputy Secretary of Defense—resigned amid S.E.C. charges he leaked inside stock information while serving on boards of three corporations.

James Watt, Secretary of the Interior—resigned after uttering slurs against minorities and the handicapped and after offending even conservative environmental groups with his favoritism toward energy interests.

Charles Z. Wick, director of the U.S.I.A.—secretly taped telephone conversations and lied to reporters about doing so, gave jobs to eight children and other relatives and friends of high-ranking Administration officials, was forced to pay back the government for security devices installed in his private home.

We do not claim that the misdeeds of this crew add up to a Watergate or even to a Teapot Dome. But there is a pattern of abuse here that disqualifies President Reagan from striking moral poses, and that utterly disqualifies him from saying a word about people who cheat on welfare. The Democrats have every right to use the sleaze issue against Mr. Reagan in November. In fact, it's their political responsibility to do so.

NOTEBOOK

□ "GARY HART . . . went to Bethany Nazarene College, an unaccredited school in Oklahoma," Sidney Blumenthal accurately reported in "Hart's Big Chill" (TNR, January 23)—accurately, because Bethany Nazarene was indeed unaccredited when Mr. Hart, then Gary Hartpence, enrolled there in the fall of 1954. On April 10, 1956, however, toward the end of the future Senator's sophomore year, Bethany Nazarene was granted full accreditation by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Bethany Nazarene wishes us to alert our readers to this fact, and we are glad to do so.

□ EVEN AT THIS late date, *The Washington Post*'s grotesqueries on the Middle East can surprise us. On the front page recently, under the headline FATAL BLAST IN ISRAEL, was a searingly familiar image: an Associated Press photograph of a dead Israeli woman, slumped in the seat of the bus she had been riding when a terrorist bomb ended her life. Here is the *Post*'s caption, in full: "A woman was one of three persons killed yesterday when a bomb exploded on an Israeli bus in the latest incident of a growing wave of violence that was expected to raise fears about retaliation against Arabs. Story on Page A25." Legitimate fears, to be sure. But why, with the battered corpse of an innocent Jewish woman in front of its nose, is the *Post* unable to work up any sympathy for anyone other than the purely conjectural Arab victims of purely conjectural Jewish retaliation?

□ FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Paradoxically, the one team in either league that still brings in the diehard fan is the New York Mets, the least likely ever to make the World Series. Baseball sociologists say the Mets are popular because they *don't* win. As the classic anti-team, they lose games by scores of 23-4, blow 6 run leads in the ninth inning, set strike-out records, finish last year after year. Teenagers around Flushing love them because the team symbolizes rebellion against the phony American value of winning. Intellectuals see the Mets as athletes of the absurd. Finally, many New Yorkers relish the Mets in open reaction to the Yankees: for years a colorless winner—and lately, under CBS ownership, a colorless loser—who never seemed to care whether they had fans or not. They were the champs and you had to honor them." ("Baseball Strikes Out," by Colman McCarthy, April 19, 1969.)

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A tale of two countries.

WHOSE SALVADOR?

San Salvador

HUNDREDS of visiting journalists rose early in El Salvador on Sunday, March 25, piling into hired cars to observe, film, and tape-record the voting in every corner of the land. I drove north to the small town of Aguilares, close to a guerrilla-controlled area, where I found lines, one hundred yards long, of people standing in the blazing sun before the metal gates of the polling center. It was a sweat-drenched but extraordinarily good-humored crowd. The army and the feared Treasury Police were on their best behavior—especially when they spied a foreign observer. Inside the polling center, local voters milled around, trying to find the computerized list on which their names and the numbers of their I.D. cards appeared. Once this was accomplished, they were given the ballot paper with its eight brightly colored party symbols, which they marked, folded, and dropped into the transparent plastic ballot box as representatives from each party oversaw the proceedings. Then their I.D. cards were stamped and their fingers dipped in a bottle of transparent liquid. Many wondered to see their fingertips turn black a few minutes later. ("If the voter has no hands," the Central Elections Council stipulated, "a visible part of his/her body will be stained with the indelible ink.") Everyone seemed to be cheerfully muddling through.

Up the road, however, in the polling station for voters from other regions—mostly refugees from war zones—there was chaos and anger. "One hundred percent can't vote," cried a pink-skirted electoral official. (In Salvador, statistics is a branch of rhetoric.) Their names and numbers were not on any list. "Why are you so anxious to vote?" we asked a group of thus disenfranchised women. "Because of the authorities," they replied. "Because voting is mandatory." And, "Because we want to . . . for the country . . . for peace." As we left, one of them was stopped by the National Guardsman at the gate, who demanded to see her I.D. card. Why was it not stamped? he asked. Why hadn't she voted?

In the late afternoon, after touring a number of districts and polling stations, I returned to base—which for every journalist in El Salvador is the Hotel Camino Real. Here I compared notes with other journalists returning from other parts. I learned that in San Salvador itself party representatives who were to oversee the voting had not turned up until hours after voting was due to start. So many names were not on the lists that some returning officials finally threw open the ballot boxes to anyone with a valid, unstamped I.D. card. In the usually guerrilla-controlled town of La Palma, voting had proceeded normally. But in Usulutan Province, voters and correspondents were pinned down on the roads by fierce fighting. In the hill town of El Triunfo, guerrillas confiscated and destroyed ballot boxes. One ended up as a cage for a green parrot. Piece by piece, detail by detail, we stitched together a country-wide collage.

Broadly speaking, we agreed that, inasmuch as there was no visible intimidation or fraud inside the polling stations, this election compared favorably with most previous Latin American elections. However, it was deeply flawed in other ways. For a start, the conditions did not exist in which one major political tendency—the "Left" represented by the F.D.R.—could freely and confidently participate in the election campaign. But their F.M.L.N. guerrilla allies, by engaging the army in combat on election day, by mining roads and dynamiting power pylons, by confiscating I.D. cards and election materials, had actively disrupted the process, preventing perhaps 10 to 15 percent of the electorate from voting. We found that this disruption was widely regretted—and the confiscation of I.D. cards actively resented.

YET AT LEAST as much disruption was caused by the wild disorganization of the electoral system and administration. With almost one-fifth of El Salvador's population "displaced" in one way or another, far too little time had been allowed for drawing up, checking, and distributing the new, super-computerized electoral register. Moreover, we saw many peasants who had no idea what they were meant to do with the funny piece of colored paper. It is a real question what elections mean when an estimated 40 percent of the population is illiterate. As one Salvadoran intellectual put it to me: "If you want to build a house, you start with the foundations. . . . We do not have the social infrastructure for democracy."

Why, then, did so many people stand for hours in the boiling sun? First and foremost, because they felt they had to. A newspaper notice warned that those who did not vote could be fined from 5 to 50 colones (3.75 colones are the equivalent of $1). It was clear that the people we talked to—especially the displaced people—feared reprisals from the army and security forces if they did not get that stamp on their I.D. card. Abstention could be interpreted as a mark of solidarity with the guerrillas, and you can get murdered for that. At the same time, we found that many were also genuinely eager to vote. More than the educated minority, who could articulate their political choices, I remember the simple peasant women who were just hoping against hope that this mysterious ritual would somehow bring them the one thing they desire above all else: peace.

With this complex picture in mind, we moved over to the election press center to hear Republican Senator Pete Wilson's impressions. Senator Wilson told us that he had seen "a rather remarkable demonstration of democracy in action," with no signs of coercion, an "incredible exercise in patriotism." Salvadorans, said Senator Wilson, "thought it was their obligation as citizens to vote." Was that what the *campesinos* told him? As the Senator went on talking Washspeak, stringing together the prefabricated phrases of Washington politics, eyes firmly fixed

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on the American network TV cameras above our heads, we found ourselves exchanging incredulous glances. Where had this man been all day? Had we been in the same country?

At 8 o'clock the next morning, the whole delegation of official United States observers gave a press conference in the Hotel Presidente—a smartly dressed, back-slapping team, moving jovially up from their pool-side breakfast. "One cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the spirit which animates these people," declared House Majority Leader Jim Wright about the Salvadoran voters, explaining that he personally had visited five towns. "They want freedom . . . they cherish the goal of a democratic society. . . ." He praised the "pervasive, festive spirit of the elections," "that uncomplaining, unbegrudging joyous outpouring," which you would just not see in the United States. The U.S. delegation estimated, he said, that there was about a 70 percent turnout: "Far better than we get in the United States." (Hours later, the Salvadoran Central Elections Council was still telling us that they had no idea what the turnout was.) Senator William Roth from Delaware averred that this was a "great civics lesson," from which North Americans might learn a thing or two, and he again stressed that figure of "70 percent participation" as evidence of the popular will.

We asked whether the substantial turnout could honestly be taken as evidence of popular enthusiasm when voting was mandatory. Voting is mandatory in Australia, and in many European democracies, they replied. Sunday's confused, Latin reality, the reality of a country at war—the tired, the poor, the huddled masses yearning to get their I.D. cards stamped—was already light years away.

AND THEN the bottom line: Would Representative Wright advise Congress to vote the emergency military and economic aid? "A country struggling so valiantly to achieve freedom and human dignity," he replied, should not be left without "helicopters to rescue the wounded . . . sufficient ammunition to protect the sanctity of the process." As we walked away from the conference, a portly gentleman behind me loudly exclaimed to his companion that, to judge from the journalists' questions, he wondered if we had been in the same country. We turned to say that we were wondering the same thing. Anyone who spends any time in El Salvador learns quickly that helicopters are rarely used to rescue the wounded and that the "process" is less than sanctified.

We asked of the portly gentleman, whose plastic name tag identified him as Senator David Boren, whether he speaks Spanish. No, he said, but you only had to look at the faces to see the voters: "Joy and pride."

Hadn't he heard about the threat of fines for nonvoters? "The fine is minimal," said Senator Boren. We had been informed that the threatened maximum fine is a fortnight's earnings for an agricultural worker. But I now realize that I should have measured the fine against a U.S. Senator's earnings. It's all a matter of finding the fair comparison. Remember: Compulsory voting? Australia, European democracies. . . .

And one more thing, said the smiling Senator Boren. No one they talked to had expressed support for the guerrillas. He thought that clinched it. I mean, can you think of any reason why a Salvadoran should hesitate to express his support for the guerrillas to a visiting U.S. Senator? It's a free country, isn't it?

I began to ask Senator Boren why he and I both felt that we had been in different countries. But he had to fly—back to Washington.

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

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Looking ahead to November.

FRITZ'S FRAGILITY

IF GARY HART is stopped in the New York primary, he will probably be stopped at the Democratic convention in San Francisco. And in New York right now, Governor Mario Cuomo, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Mayor Ed Koch, the chairman of the state Democratic Party, sixty out of sixty-two county Democratic chairmen, political consultant David Garth, and the entire structure of organized labor in the most heavily unionized state in the country are pooling their considerable power, prestige, and resources to see to it that Walter Mondale wins on April 3.

There is something these political professionals ought to know. Walter Mondale is looking weaker and weaker as a prospective opponent to President Reagan. All the major national polls taken in March show Reagan beating Mondale by a significant margin—12 points in the Gallup poll, 18 points in the CBS News/*New York Times* poll, and 26 points in the NBC News poll. That averages out to a Reagan lead of 19 points. In these same surveys, Reagan averages a much smaller 4-point lead over Hart. Every one of these polls shows Hart running notably stronger than Mondale in the general electorate.

Perhaps Hart's performance can be attributed to faddishness. American voters, like American consumers, are notorious suckers for anything labeled new and improved. Mondale's performance, however, raises more serious questions. Walter Mondale is pretty well known to the American public. The evidence indicates that negative feelings about him, which have always been fairly high, have increased conspicuously since the New Hampshire primary. In the CBS/*Times* poll, Mondale's favorability rating went from a margin of 4 to 3 favorable in January

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and February to 4 to 3 unfavorable in March. *USA Today* showed Mondale with equal favorable and unfavorable ratings in February. By mid-March, the balance had shifted to 5 to 3 unfavorable. In the Harris survey, the proportion of Americans describing Mondale as "an attractive, forceful personality and . . . a real leader" dropped from 44 percent in January to 37 percent in March. Those holding the opinion that "he tries to appeal to too many special interest groups" jumped from 52 to 60 percent.

HART, OF COURSE, has negatives too—principally that he is unknown and inexperienced. But so far there is no evidence that the "character" charge raised by the press has had an impact. In Illinois, Hart's personal favorability rating among Democratic primary voters was 5 to 2 positive, or about the same as Mondale's. The fact that Hart is unknown can be easily remedied; the media will see to that. Inexperience, though justifiably a concern to party professionals, has never proved to be an important handicap in the electorate. Quite the reverse. Our last two Presidents got elected by making a virtue of their inexperience.

Mondale's negatives are more substantial. The CBS/*Times* poll asked, "Will Walter Mondale be able to find new solutions to economic problems, or is he likely to deal with them the same way government always has? Does he have the vision to find new solutions for the problem of arms control, or is he more likely to deal with that the same way the government always has?" The answer in both cases: same old way, by about 2 to 1. Hart, on the other hand, was seen as having new solutions by 2 to 1 in the case of economic problems and 3 to 2 in the case of arms control.

Perhaps the most damaging judgment was the view, endorsed by almost 2 to 1, that Mondale "says what he thinks people want to hear" rather than "what he really believes." By 48 to 34 percent, Democrats thought the opposite was true of Hart.

These ideological differences have so far failed to surface in the campaign. Exit polls have uncovered no major issue difference between Hart and Mondale supporters. In the CBS/*Times* survey, Democrats described both candidates in about the same ideological terms—i.e., as moderate liberals. The logic of the campaign has forced the candidates to exaggerate the issue difference between them, but the fact is, these differences are mostly matters of nuance, timing, and emphasis: Who is more authentically pro-Israel? Who criticized our involvement in Lebanon first? Who is more pro-labor? Mondale has been trying to read Hart out of the Democratic Party consensus, but so far, it just doesn't wash.

What separates Hart and Mondale supporters in the polls is not issues or ideology but social distance. By now it will surprise no one to learn that Hart voters are younger, whiter, and more upscale. The Hart and Mondale constituencies coincide with the sixteen-year-old party cleavage between the New Politics liberals and party regulars that first surfaced at the tumultuous 1968 convention. Walter Mondale was inside the convention hall working for Hubert Humphrey. Hart, who had been a Robert Kennedy supporter, sympathized with the protestors outside. In 1984, Mondale is still Mr. Inside and Hart is still Mr. Outside.

The end of the Vietnam War should have allowed these two factions to become reconciled. After all, the 1968 election demonstrated that the regulars could not win without the liberals, and 1972 proved that the liberals could not win without the regulars. Since 1972, Mondale has been moving to the left, but always in the traditional Democratic style of interest politics. He has worked to broaden the party's interest base in order to include not only traditional Democratic allies like organized labor and civil rights groups, but also New Politics interests like the women's rights and gay rights movements, environmentalists, and antinuclear groups.

Hart, on the other hand, has tended to move to the right of McGovernism ever since he first ran for the Senate in 1974. Unlike other New Politics liberals, Hart concerned himself with economic growth and military security—issues that have traditionally preoccupied regular Democrats. Hart's approach to politics, however, is fundamentally different from Mondale's. The choice between them is a choice between two ways of doing business for the Democratic Party—issue politics versus interest politics. Hart believes that government is problem-solving. His "new idea" is that issues should be treated as problems susceptible to rational solutions, not as conflicts of interest to be negotiated and reconciled.

WHAT IS missing in Hart's approach is a sense of advocacy. When Mondale asks, "Where's the beef?" he is articulating a concern felt by regular Democrats who look at Hart's elaborately detailed proposals and ask, "What's in it for us?" Hart reminds many Democrats, not of John F. Kennedy, but of Jimmy Carter, who also rejected advocacy politics in favor of the problem-solving approach. The irony is that Mondale has resurrected the tradition of interest-group liberalism mostly in response to the failure of Carter's Presidency. Mondale, unlike Carter, presents himself as a "real Democrat," and now he finds himself challenged by yet another problem-solver.

Mondale appeals to the party's traditional base, and nowhere is that base stronger than in New York. Hart's support comes from the Democratic periphery, from young voters and independents who might otherwise stay home or vote for John Anderson or even Ronald Reagan. The only way the Democrats can win is to hold both constituencies together. Gary Hart is in a better position than Mondale to do this, not because he is likely to turn regular Democrats on, but because Ronald Reagan so clearly turns them off.

ABC News asked primary voters in five states on Super Tuesday how they would respond to a choice between Mondale and Reagan and a choice between Hart and Reagan. Mondale voters were willing to stick with Hart; they averaged 67 percent for Hart, 17 percent for Reagan. Hart

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voters, however, showed no such loyalty to the party, averaging 33 percent for Mondale and 34 percent for Reagan. A *USA Today* poll in New York found that 43 percent of Hart supporters said they would vote for Reagan if Mondale were the nominee, while 28 percent of Mondale voters threatened to switch sides if Hart won the nomination. Similarly, although Hart has so far failed to win any significant support from black voters, it is hard to believe that blacks would not rally to the Democratic ticket when they finally get the chance to vote Reagan out of office.

Hart's problem is not to antagonize traditional Democrats by accepting Mondale's challenge to differentiate himself on the issues. There are times, and this is one of them, when the wisest political strategy is to minimize your issue differences with your opponent (George Bush's challenge to Reagan in 1980 was another). The real difference between Democratic candidates is that Mondale has a burdensome past to defend—two quite disparate pasts, in fact: the out-of-fashion interest-group liberalism of Hubert Humphrey, plus the discredited Presidency of Jimmy Carter. Hart has no such burdens. This is not to argue that Hart would inevitably defeat Reagan. It is to argue that Hart would present the Republicans with a much less inviting target, and the 1984 election would then be what it is supposed to be—a referendum on Ronald Reagan.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

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God and Hart at Yale.

REMEMBERING GARY

IF I HAD KNOWN that Gary Hartpence would be running for President, I would have taken notes. I do remember that he was rather an earnest student, and that, eventually, politics became the way he determined to express whatever it was that had brought him to Yale Divinity School.

That was fairly common, after all. Each year there would be alongside the budding local pastors and Teutonic theologians and searchers of the soul, a small contingent of "social action" types: students whose main interest was in getting the great world of politics and society to rearrange itself in accord with the majestic directives of the prophet Amos, or the simplicities of Walter Rauschenbusch, or the complexities of Reinhold Niebuhr, or perhaps even the impossibilities of the Sermon on the Mount. I was a teacher of that sort of thing. Gary Hartpence/Hart was a student who gravitated to it—gravitated clear out of the Divinity School. Seems to have been gravitating ever since.

But young Hart-to-be wasn't the pure-flame-of-righteousness type—marching in the streets, and see you at the barricades. Lots of the Divinity School social actionists were, but Hart was not of that ilk. William Sloane Coffin had come to Yale as chaplain not long before Hart arrived, and Coffin of course started crusading in all directions the minute he hit town; one of his escapades involved getting the Yale Russian Chorus, and lots of others, to gather long lists of signatures, protesting the treatment of Boris Pasternak in the Soviet Union. I wonder what the Kremlin made of that. But Gary Hart isn't associated with Coffin's crusades, or Coffin's style, in my memory. In fact, Hart as I remember him seems very much like Hart today: a basically nonideological policy-detail centrist liberal, with underlying convictions, of course—perhaps very strong ones—but whose more immediate interest is not in proclaiming those convictions in their purity, full whistle, or in social crusading, but in mastering the mechanics of politics and the details of policy, with a certain cool intellectual ingredient.

SOMETIMES one hears the question how George McGovern's 1972 campaign manager became the Gary Hart of today. But the anomaly for me, if there is one, is that the Hart of 1961-63 and 1984 should have been George McGovern's campaign manager in 1972. McGovern and Coffin would vibrate in tune; McGovern is a pure example of the old Methodist Federation for Social Action, proclaiming peace and social justice; Gary Hart, so far as I can perceive, is not, and never was.

Hart moved on to the Yale Law School, where, in a very minor way, I also taught. Such a sequence was not at that time all that unusual. John Danforth, now a Senator from Missouri, did something of the same thing. But if Danforth, the self-assured aristocrat from the beneficent Ralston-Purina family, seemed to be calmly assembling a dual profession, Hartpence, the Nazarene from Kansas, seemed to be searching for his self-definition. He was moving by one big step and another big step and another out into larger worlds than he had known. There were still at this time—the early '60s—two Yales: the Yale of those who were born to it, and came from prep school—nice people to be sure, though some, when speaking to a young instructor, could put into the ostensibly polite word "sir" a hint of an assumption that you were, like the family chauffeur, someone their father was paying to do a service. And there was the other Yale, the Yale of public school kids, their legs across the seat in front of them, bright but not always smooth, not quite worldly enough to mask intellectual eagerness, unaccustomed to saying "sir." For a few of them Yale opened up the world.

In the fall of 1958 Gary Hartpence had come from Bethany Nazarene College in Oklahoma to the Divinity School at Yale University. That was a pretty big step in itself. On his application, he did not express an intention to go into the ministry, but to teach and write within the Nazarene context. He had already worked one summer in the na-

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tional headquarters of that small and, if tolerance permits saying so, rather narrow and restrictive denomination. There were intimations that he was expected to become something of a big shot among the Nazarenes. Apparently, after a year or two of Yale, he was to decide to become a big shot elsewhere.

At first he took just the standard courses, and his grades were no better than fairly good. With each year they got better, and his course of study more adventuresome. In the third year it had ambitious literary and intellectual ingredients: Kierkegaard, twentieth-century literature, an honors reading course on religious themes in Dostoevsky. In his field work at the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Hart was regarded as rather reserved, one who kept to himself. Words and phrases like "intense" and "loner" and "singleness of purpose"—recur in the recollections of his friends and other teachers, and coincide with my memory, too.

THE COSMOPOLITAN political people now suddenly scouring the country for personal information about Hart repeat a joke about him. Yes, he has new ideas: a new name, a new birthdate, a new religion. But whatever you make of the first two items, the third one isn't much of a joke. His academic adviser during the first years at the divinity school, a distinguished theologian, remembers Hart "struggling with his religious identity." My reading of it, from memory and talks with my friends, is that Hart was one of those who found a larger world than Bethany Nazarene (intellectually at first, then practically), but who continued to carry with him his original midwestern Protestant seriousness of purpose—an old idea.

Another student whose first name was also Gary—Gary Weatherford—moved from the Divinity School to the Law School with Hart; the two Garys and their young spouses had my wife and me to dinner one night. It was one of those nervous but attractive evenings, young instructor entertained by younger graduate students, and are the peas overcooked? And what will we talk about next?

The other Gary reported how different the Law School was from the gentler world, perhaps laced with hypocrisy, up the hill at the Divinity School on Prospect Street. The Law School had for him a ruthless competitive aspect that put it in quite another league. You'd be standing at the bulletin board reading the notices, and a fellow student without apology or explanation would step in front of you and read them first.

The Garys did not transfer to the Law School because they wanted to go into corporate law and make a million dollars. The motive was, rather, politics—public policy, shaping institutions—as an expression of what they believed and were interested in.

I remember talking with Hart, in my office about his (then altogether prospective) political career, and discussing states in which it might take place. I have many relatives in Colorado, some in politics, and had seen the cluster of ambitious young Denver lawyers. Colorado seemed to have more possibilities than, say, Kansas, and I suggested it. I don't remember his response, but I do recall the unencumbered political calculation with which he considered the geographical possibilities.

But my sharpest memory of Hart has to do with J.F.K. His attachment to President Kennedy was real. I don't mean the romanticized post-assassination Camelot Kennedy, but Ted Sorensen's pre-Presidential Kennedy, the one so "cool" that it was even asked whether there was any difference between him and Nixon. *That* Kennedy, now obscured by intervening memories, was a concretely intelligent, ambitious young centrist liberal, loaded with details at his press conferences, who ignored or bridged ideologies and ostentatiously cut from the past.

On the weekend after Kennedy's assassination, Hart came into my office to express his grief. Although I too was of course stunned and emotionally stirred, I had not thought, watching it all on TV, to go myself from New Haven to Washington to join in the crush of mourners. Hart did go. And he said something like this: "I did not realize how much of a spiritual investment I had in that man." "Spiritual investment" is the phrase I remember, because it was a little unusual. I would guess it was there, in pre-Camelot Kennedy, more than in the McGovern campaign, that one finds the emotional roots of Hart's politics.

But, as I say, I wasn't prescient enough to take notes.

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

William Lee Miller, who now teaches religious studies at the University of Virginia, is at work on a book called *Religion and the American Republic*, to be published by Knopf.

Au revoir, Pierre.

THE TRUDEAU AURA

IN SEVERAL WEEKS Pierre Elliott Trudeau will relinquish his position as prime minister of Canada, the country that Voltaire dismissed as "a few acres of snow," and that is still mostly regarded by the outside world as a place where hockey players, for some obscure reason, speak bad French. The Trudeaumania of 1968 may have evolved into the Trudeauphobia of 1984, but the man will leave with a flourish as surely as he entered. He chose leap-year day to announce his departure, managing to catch everyone unawares after months—indeed, years—of intense speculation.

Trudeau-watching remains a national obsession. The man is widely respected but also widely disliked. This was memorably illustrated two years ago when the country's largest newspaper, the *Toronto Star*, tellingly juxtaposed two articles: one had Quebec's separatist leader,

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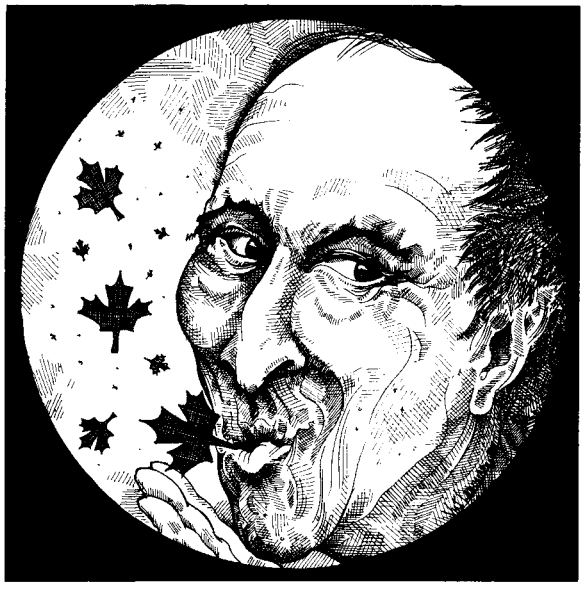
René Levesque, calling Trudeau a Nazi; the other had prominent Tory calling him a Communist.

He is neither, of course, but he will always remain an enigma to those he governed for fifteen years with only a nine-month interruption in 1979. Perhaps the secret of Trudeau's political longevity lay in his ability to keep his compatriots entertained. Soon after he assumed office, he swore at a member of Parliament and then insisted that he'd merely said "fuddle duddle." He wooed a series of glamorous women, including Barbra Streisand, before marrying a flower child thirty years his junior—who eventually gave her soul, among other things, to rock 'n' roll. He once challenged a rudely heckling M.P. to step outside and settle their unparliamentary dispute like a man. The opponent demurred: Trudeau is a brown belt in judo.

Yet for all his antics, Trudeau conducted his career with exceptional dignity. He brought upon himself the animosity of friend and foe alike (as well as successive U.S. Administrations) at least partly because he would never sacrifice truth to charity. The Trudeau saga is in some ways reminiscent of Churchill's or de Gaulle's. Although the stakes for which he fought appear much more modest, Trudeau, like these great Europeans, articulated a national idea, pursued it to its consummation against personal and political odds, and made his opposition look petty in the process. If he ultimately failed to win the affection of many Canadians, he may reasonably count this as the price of a larger victory.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Trudeau's national vision is that Canadian unity should rest on the country's diversity. He was a brilliant student of constitutional law, and was heavily influenced by the British scholar Elie Kedourie's argument that cultural nationalism is fundamentally illiberal because it entails a narrowing rather than a widening of personal loyalties. In contrast, internationalism and multicultural federalism pointed the way to progress. Transposed onto the Canadian scene, Kedourie's notion provided Trudeau—this half-Scottish Protestant, half-French Catholic intellectual—with the ideal justification for his instinctive opposition to Québecois secessionists. Canadian national distinctiveness for Trudeau was rooted in the compromise among competing cultures—a mosaic rather than a melting pot. When he embarked on his political career, he wanted to discard the anachronistic, colonial constitution (which then resided in Britain), and replace it with an American-style national constitution. The new constitution would ensure the rights of the French-speaking minority and deprive Quebec's cultural nationalists of their rationale for separatism.

After many years as a student, teacher, and writer, Trudeau grew frustrated with the small-mindedness of Quebec provincial politics. In the mid-'60s he went to Ottawa to make his mark, and was immediately welcomed by the Liberal Party. He first came to national prominence when, as minister of justice, he introduced civil liberties legislation with the famous remark, "The government has no business in the bedrooms of the nation." Later on, during his marital troubles, he would be hurt when the nation declined to return the favor.

By 1968, after three years in the House of Commons, Trudeau swept to the premiership, setting hearts aflutter from Moose Jaw to Moncton. He stayed true to his word—a dangerous move for a politician—and submitted an ambitious legislative package. In trying to give equal standing to the French and English languages and to increase the representation of French-Canadians in government and the bureaucracy, he made the English-Canadians who had so eagerly embraced him nervous. Worse still, he vowed to enshrine these measures through comprehensive constitutional reform. Western Canadians in particular grew alienated as "multi-culturalism" became a byword.

A chance occurrence helped Trudeau withstand this first of many assaults on his popularity. In what became known as the October crisis of 1970, a handful of Québecois extremists kidnapped Montreal's British consul and Quebec's federalist minister of labor. Reacting (perhaps overreacting) quickly, Trudeau invoked the War Measures Act, giving the army and the Mounties free rein to arrest and imprison, without hard evidence, anyone in Quebec suspected of nationalist agitation. The affair ended with the release of the British consulate and the murder of the labor minister (a close friend of Trudeau's). Québecois separatists point bitterly to Trudeau's behavior as an effort to discredit their movement. Nevertheless, his public approval rating rose significantly.

In the 1972 elections English-Canadian voters punished Trudeau for his poor performance on the economy and his air of insouciance, giving his Liberal Party a bare minority government. Although he remained more popular than ever in Quebec, the separatist Parti Québecois continued to climb steadily in the polls. But Trudeau regained his parliamentary majority in 1974, aided by the weakness of the Tories—John Stuart Mill's "stupid party" incarnate—who have ruled Canada for a total of less than ten years since World War II.

The five years that followed consisted of an almost unbroken string of embarrassing failures. The economy

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floundered in the shadow of American misfortunes. The oil-rich western provinces started loudly asserting their claim to control their own natural resources. The eastern provinces experienced unemployment in the range of 20 percent. And worst of all for Trudeau, the Parti Québecois took power in Quebec. Trudeau's various attempts to revive constitutional negotiations between the federal government and the provinces stalled because they could not agree on either minority rights or a suitable amending formula.

The situation had degenerated to the point where even Canada's oxymorons, the hapless Progressive Conservatives, could prevail in the 1979 election under the leadership of Joe Clark. A chastened Trudeau announced his retirement and seemed set to depart, though he had fulfilled few of his grandiose dreams for a renewed federation. An elated René Levesque scheduled a referendum for May 1980, confident that he could get assent for separation with Trudeau out of the picture.

But success does not sit well with the Progressive Conservatives. Joe Clark suffered from delusions of adequacy. First he convened parliament late. Then he submitted a budget without sufficient concessions to either the Liberals or the New Democratic Party (Canada's labor party, which held the balance of power). With two Tory representatives vacationing in the South Pacific, the budget lost by a half-dozen votes, bringing down the government and forcing a snap election. Trudeau was persuaded to stay on and run in the February 1980 campaign. He won by a comfortable margin.

TRUDEAU CAMPAIGNED even harder in Quebec's May 1980 plebiscite, trouncing his archrival Levesque. Then, however, the other provinces joined Quebec in an anti-federalist front. They sought to preempt any transfer of their considerable power to the central authorities, and engaged in repeated efforts to torpedo constitutional negotiations. The protracted contention invited derision: here was a country which, it seemed, did not want to wean itself away from the British empire.

Trudeau persisted despite deep-seated hostility. And, amazingly, he won. In a dramatic early morning session on November 5, 1981, he coaxed all the provinces except Quebec into agreement. Essentially he traded concessions on his preferred amending formula for provincial concessions on his envisaged Charter of Rights. Levesque was stunned and refused to go along, thereby suggesting that he had not been bargaining in good faith to begin with. Since then, the threat of separatism in Quebec has abated and Levesque looks sure to lose at the next election. The constitution has been "repatriated" from Britain and now resides in Canada, where it belongs.

Against this historic achievement must be set Trudeau's shortcomings in office. His intellectual contempt for mediocrity has not often endeared him to the mediocre, and he has made enemies needlessly. Canada's economy is chronically in shambles, despite many ill-fated attempts to restore its health. The bureaucracy has become swollen, and the presence of government has perhaps become too pervasive. In foreign matters he has occasionally erred on the side of indiscretion: after the repression of Solidarity, for example, he virtually apologized for General Jaruzelski, by arguing that the "stability" of Poland is essential to peace in Europe. As far as he is concerned, in Canada the cold war is something fought every winter.

At the same time he has ceaselessly reminded a generation of Western leaders about the industrialized nations' responsibilities to the poorer countries. He has worked to carve out a niche for Canada in the world. His practical attention to the concerns of less fortunate Canadians has kept unions from exerting the destructive influence currently on display in Britain and France. He has constantly rejected conservative economic humbug—the notion that the poor don't work hard enough because they're paid too much and the rich don't work hard enough because they're paid too little.

Above all, he has constantly questioned received wisdom and courted fresh ideas. Most recently he developed an impressive set of arms control proposals to break the East-West impasse. He based them on the observation that the superpowers have spent too much time focusing on capabilities and not enough time discerning each other's intentions. Typically, "Defense Department sources" in the United States dismissed his initiative on the specious grounds that Canada doesn't contribute enough to NATO. (This is like ignoring Tocqueville's views on America because he was French.) Typically, Trudeau responded by describing these anonymous naysayers as "pipsqueaks in the Pentagon."

Trudeau's Liberals have risen in the polls lately, but remain well behind the Tories, who are threatening to get their act together. The new Tory leader, a youthful, bilingual Quebec businessman named Brian Mulroney, shows signs of the Trudeau magic. On the other hand, he lacks Trudeau's substance and stamina. After two days in the House of Commons, Mulroney missed a session and his aides told the press that he was tired. After fifteen years, Trudeau was there.

Trudeau leaves the Liberals well positioned to select a successor with an eye to Mulroney's vulnerabilities. Trudeau clearly had no desire to risk the collapse of the Liberal Party of Canada as his eminent but arrogant counterpart, David Lloyd George, caused the collapse of the Liberal Party of Britain in the 1920s. Yet again he defied the pundits, who had hyped his every move, bowing out when it was least expected. It was a graceful exit for a man who, though he ruled his country longer than almost any democratic leader of the century—longer than F.D.R., longer than Adenauer, longer than de Gaulle—remained an enigma until the end. *Nous vous connaissions à peine*—Pierre, we hardly knew ye.

LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN

Laurence Grafstein, a Canadian, studies politics at Oxford University.

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If this be capitalism, let us make the best of it.

UP THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

BY BOB KUTTNER

FEW ORNAMENTS become American capitalism quite so well as *The Wall Street Journal*. The 2.1 million businessmen and women who take the paper five days a week see a satisfying—though not always flattering—reflection of their own calling. Far from being a dry financial sheet devoted to getting and spending, the *Journal* surprises, amuses, investigates, and most of all educates. The most cutthroat business executive finds in the *Journal* a picture of himself as a well-rounded citizen—resolutely capitalist, but intellectually subtle, urbane, even compassionate. The paper represents the highest Calvinist synthesis: virtue confirmed by success.

In addition, to the mild chagrin of the Dow Jones marketing people who cherish its golden demographics, the *Journal* is attracting a secondary, general audience drawn to the paper's fine political, economic, and social coverage—nonbusiness eavesdroppers who may never consult the *Journal*'s comprehensive stock and bond listings. For the news columns do a remarkable job of covering the seamier side of what the editorial page celebrates. Almost in spite of itself, the *Journal* is becoming not just the business paper of record, but the definitive newspaper of political economy. And in a land where the business of the nation is business and the fashionable ideology is resurgent entrepreneurship, it is fitting indeed that the newspaper of Wall Street should emerge as America's premier national daily.

Until about 1980, the *Journal* was content to float upward almost effortlessly on a swelling tide of popular interest in things economic. Paid circulation at the *Journal* burgeoned from one hundred thousand in the late 1940s to a million in 1966, 1.5 million in 1977, and two million by 1981, making it the largest daily in America. With a high pass-along rate, the *Journal* today claims a total readership of almost seven million. Now averaging fifty-six pages daily, it can charge $68,820—more than double what *The New York Times* charges—for a full-page display ad, and sometimes has to turn away advertisers for lack of space. Dow Jones and Company, two-thirds of which is the *Journal*, is now No. 360 on the *Fortune* 500 list, and gaining.

Yet, like the system associated with its name, *The Wall Street Journal* is replete with contradictions. Its editorial page is as erratic as its news columns are reliable; the two are often in open disagreement. The paper is a complex blend of originality and formula. A reporter who occasionally soars like a butterfly on page one turns back into a journalistic caterpillar grounded on some dreary financial beat the rest of the year. The *Journal* is a carefully planned and highly refined product known in the trade as an "editor's paper," yet the paper is generally considered one of the most rewarding places for a serious reporter to pursue his craft, largely unmolested.

The paper closed out the 1970s with a record of unprecedented growth and journalistic acclaim, yet many both inside Dow Jones and out felt the *Journal* was coasting and needed a major shake-up. That overhaul is currently in full swing, under the direction of two precocious and intense 41-year-olds: Peter Kann, whose title is associate publisher, and his new (since last September) managing editor, Norman Pearlstine, both former *Journal* overseas correspondents. Kann and Pearlstine were original editors, respectively, of the Asian and the European editions of the *Journal*. Under their direction the paper is expanding its news columns, its staff, its mission. It is breaking the long-standing custom of incubating young reporters in-house, and has hired dozens of journeymen and women from other papers. It is covering more breaking news, and more political news. As capitalism becomes more global, the *Journal* is using its unique resources to cover it globally. The paper is even violating the unwritten rule that no story ever exceeds fifteen hundred words. In recent months, the *Journal* has run excellent lengthy roundups on the AT&T divestiture, on insider stock trading, and on the machinations leading to Socal's takeover of Gulf Oil.

There is wide agreement that the paper was ripe for some shake-up. The *Journal* has not won a Pulitzer for reporting since Peter Kann won his in 1972. "The *Journal* runs fewer C pieces today, but also fewer A pieces," says the dean of *Journal*-watchers, A. Kent MacDougall, a *Los Angeles Times* writer and press critic who served at the *Journal* himself from 1960 to 1970. "It is mostly Bs and B-pluses. Its cruising speed is better than ever. The lows are certainly higher, but the highs are lower." Off the record, many inside Dow Jones agree. And the new regime, if a bit unsettling, is generally popular with reporters. At the same time, Kann and Pearlstine, both protégés of the chairman of Dow Jones, Warren Phillips, are embarked upon a rather delicate balancing act. Too much expansion either of business news or general news could cloud the *Journal*'s primary identity as a lean paper for

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busy executives; it could intimidate the core audience, and dilute the demographics. Internally, too many layers of editors could turn the paper into a demoralized, top-heavy monstrosity.

The present incarnation of the *Journal* dates to the regime of the late, legendary Barney Kilgore, the *Journal*'s managing editor in the 1940s and 1950s. It was Kilgore's insight that business news meant not just news about business but anything of interest to a businessman—and that it needn't be dull. Kilgore was also the first to edit the *Journal* as a truly national paper, which led in turn to the regional printing plants, and national distribution. Today more than 99 percent of the American public can buy the *Journal* on the day of its publication. (*The New York Times*'s national edition is available only selectively, and sells just one hundred thousand copies.) With so many second dailies having folded and so many first dailies fat and lazy, the *Journal* is the obvious second paper, and in many cities the only serious one.

The current formula, though embellished, is largely unchanged since Kilgore's day. It includes: a quick page-one scan of the top business and general stories; lots of pithy spot news inside; virtuoso features on the front page, with astute analysis leavened by whimsy and punmanship. The system relies on a unique combination of reporters' initiative and editors' parsimony.

OVER THE years, the *Journal* has broken the conventions of how to frame news, and how to deploy talent. The assumption that the *Journal* is a "second buy"—every reader also reads something else—has proved liberating. At the *Journal*, news is not whatever happened yesterday, but whatever requires explanation. Investigation isn't the uncovering of scandal, but the reporting and untangling of complex stories. Anecdote and color are generously employed, not just as leavening devices, but to demystify institutions and issues. The analytical feature piece, deprecated as a Sunday "thumb-sucker" in so many other newsrooms, is prized at the *Journal*—not as an alternative to reporting, but as the consummate product of the reporter's labors.

The *Journal* is, by common consent, a very good place to practice journalism. The editing is intense and partly to formula, but on major stories it is editing by dialogue and query rather than editing by hacking five paragraphs off the bottom. Articles have conclusions. The page-one desk alone has nine editors. Drafts of articles flow back and forth between editor and writer. It is an editor's paper *and* a reporter's paper, in the manner of well-edited magazines. "I was here well over a year before I had cause to complain about any editing change," says Brooks Jackson, the *Journal*'s man on PACs and political money, who moved from the Associated Press. "I thought I had died and gone to heaven."

Journal writers are tied to beats, but they have wide latitude to define stories. "Assignments don't flow down; proposals flow up," says June Kronholz, the Boston bureau chief. There is nearly always plenty of time, if never quite enough space. The *Journal* keeps it short when it has little to add, no matter how big the story, and seldom writes long. But it has a marvelous capacity to go deep, whether or not a news peg is handy. In a profession beset with well-justified newsroom bitching about the oafishness of editors and publishers, the *Journal* suffers from far less infighting, deadline frenzy, and back-stabbing than your average paper of record. One clue to the respect in which reporters are held is that every major Dow Jones publishing executive, from Board Chairman Phillips on down, is a former writer on the *Journal*.

WHY AM I telling you all this? Mainly because, as a magazine writer and close reader of newspapers, I think the other papers have something to learn from a magazine-style daily like the *Journal*—something about how to treat news, and something about how to treat newspeople. A. J. Liebling once wrote, "The pattern of a newspaperman's life is like the plot of *Black Beauty*. Sometimes he finds a kind master who gives him a dry stall and an occasional bran mash in the form of a Christmas bonus, sometimes he falls into the hands of a mean owner who drives him in spite of spavins and expects him to live on potato peelings." Among the big dailies, the *Journal* is the closest thing to a reliable dry stall.

To read several months of the *Journal* against *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* provides an eye-opening course in comparative journalistic philosophy. It's not just that the *Times* and the *Post* run far more breaking news; or that they print lots of local stories, sports, entertainment, glitter, obituaries, and other bread and butter items the *Journal* can happily ignore; or that they publish gigantic Sunday editions while the *Journal* takes the weekend off. But all three papers run analytical features, and it is here that the *Journal* tends to beat them cold. At business and economic news, the *Journal* is predictably best. During the past several months, it has had the most intelligent and complete coverage of such issues as the budget deficit, the Federal Reserve, and international trade and debt. Not quite so predictably, the *Journal*'s economic sensibility also gives it an edge on lucre-tinged general stories like defense contracting, the influence of money on politics, labor relations and working life, organized crime, OPEC and Middle East politics, and the Third World.

Reading *Journal* stories against similar ones in the *Post* and the *Times*, there is the unmistakable impression that the *Journal* writer had more time to get his mind around the story, and more encouragement to write it well. In fairness, the *Journal* leaves out much that the *Times* and *Post* cover. The *Journal* is not a general paper of record day by day; but over a six-month period it gets around to a definitive piece on just about every major newsworthy topic. While the big dailies exhaust most of their people on "hard" news, the *Journal* manages

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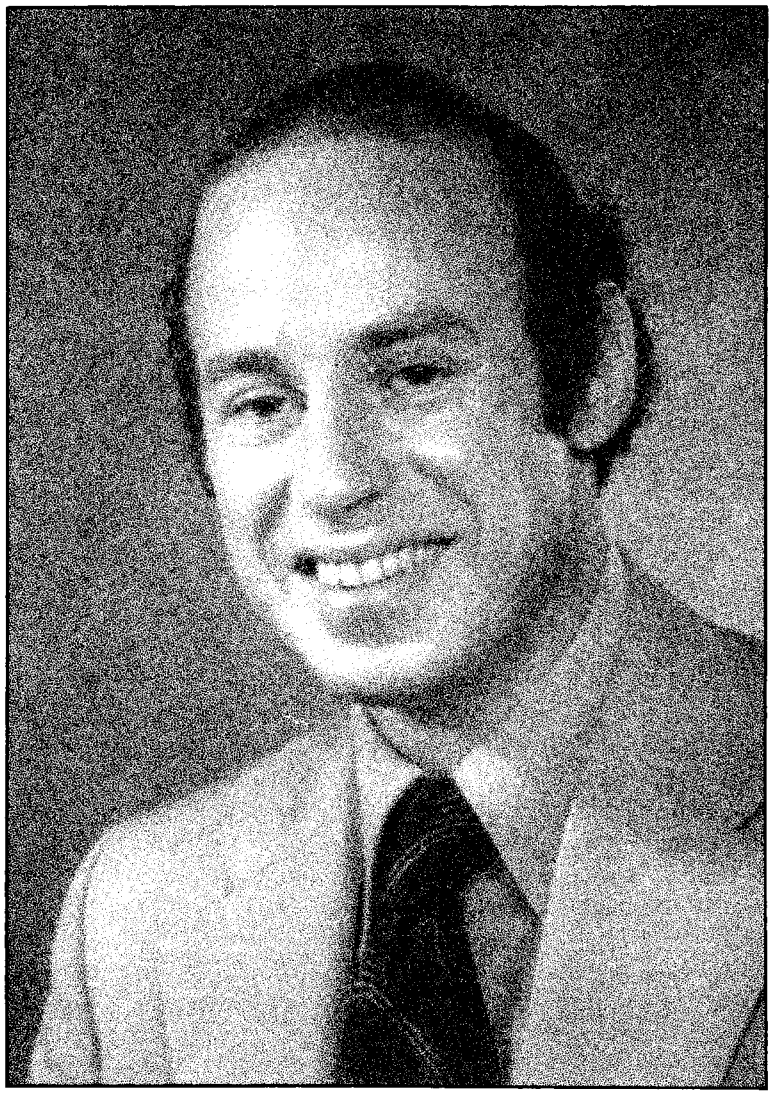
to explain more of what is really going on.

This is of course easier for the *Journal*, because it has the luxury of picking its shots. But that lets the competition off a bit too lightly, for all journalism is selective. The *Times* and the *Post* operate by convention, too. Their convention is that news is mostly something that "breaks." With more than five hundred editorial positions on the *Post* and over six hundred on the *Times*, the other prestige dailies could surely spring a few dozen more people to concentrate on *Journal*-style "analytical investigations" if they valued the genre more. They also could write spot news shorter and save their people for more useful pursuits. Like other papers, the *Journal* has its bread-and-butter beat, too: the *Journal*'s hometown beat is Wall Street—the obligatory business and financial stories that fill the inside of the paper. That the *Journal* chooses to mix feature and spot coverage differently, and to array personnel differently, reflects a conscious editorial choice, not just a different franchise.



PETER KANN

"It comes down fundamentally to what a paper thinks it's for," observes William Greider, a former *Washington Post* national news editor who recently moved to *Rolling Stone* by way of *The Atlantic*. "The *Journal* sees itself as responsible for people's understanding of events. That's not what the other papers think they're writing about. They think they're writing, in [former *Post* publisher] Phil Graham's memorable phrase, a 'first rough draft of history.' They're uncomfortable when you say, wait a minute, you're printing a blizzard of news and nobody understands what it means. The big dailies are still very uneasy with analysis. That is what's so fraudulent about the usual news philosophy. The idea of writing a first rough draft of history is really the enemy of history. Writing history requires you to ask: Compared to what? It requires a sense of context, an understanding of what came before."

The *Journal*'s brand of journalism takes it far afield from its primary mission of business and financial reporting. The paper is enjoying a banner year of campaign coverage. Where the other dailies have engaged in the usual quadrennial excess and covered the Democratic primaries as a body watch, the *Journal* has rationed itself to two concise daily back-page stories focusing on the warp of political institutions. Seven or eight *Journal* reporters are covering politics, yet its candidate profiles have been gems. Typical *Journal* exclusives: Tim Carrington on how Democratic state treasurers who place bond business milk Republican brokerage firms for campaign contributions; Jane Mayer on how the political columnist for the *Des Moines Register* becomes a sought-after commodity once every four years; Brooks Jackson on why Representative Albert Gore, though a liberal, gets big money from business; Jim Perry on the efforts of Mondale and Hart to thread their way through the wreckage of the Chicago machine. The tone manages to be wry without ever quite stooping to ridicule, and it always manages to enlighten.

Lately the *Journal* has demonstrated that it can deliver not only the most definitive soft stories, but the hardest hard ones as well. For example, when President Reagan evacuated Beirut embassy personnel and announced the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Lebanon, the *Journal*'s lead piece, by David Ignatius, made no bones about where the real story lay. He began: "President Reagan's decision to move U.S. Marines from Beirut to ships off the Lebanese coast is a stunning defeat for his Lebanon policy and a haunting reminder of the Carter Administration's failure in Iran."

The *Journal* has been skeptical of the Reagan Lebanon policy both in its reporting and in its editorials. Normally, writing conclusions in the lead of a reporting piece invites the charge of editorializing in the news columns. Two unique factors help embolden the *Journal*: its uncommon

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faith in its reporters and its steadfastly right-wing editorial page.

Let me not leave the impression that the *Journal* is a flawless product. Oddities are in evidence. Strangely, though the *Journal* pioneered satellite transmission of copy to its print plants, in the newsroom copy still travels by pneumatic tube, and editors still revise with scissors and Scotch Tape. It has done abysmally at recruiting blacks. Nonetheless, the paper has done very well at creating a congenial and professional atmosphere for women journalists. About one-third of the bylines are now female. Three of the four senior desk editors in New York—foreign, news, and split-page—are women.

The tight-rewrite formula that works so well is occasionally confining. New recruits are sometimes told the cautionary tale of a reporter back in the 1960s who covered the New York fashion industry; he was superb at gleaning information, but he couldn't write. A front-page editor turned his leaden copy into gossamer prose. The reporter's stories began attracting attention. He started believing the prose was his own, and eventually took a better-paid job on another paper. Within weeks, however, his inadequacy became apparent; he turned to drink, quit journalism, and finally killed himself. The moral of the story seems to be that reporters should remember they are only as good as Mother Dow's support system.

But that silken umbilical cord sometimes wraps around the journalistic windpipe. Even with the most elegant concision in the world, some stories just can't be told in seven "takes," or typewritten pages. (This piece, if you're still reading, is already twice that length.) Often at the *Journal* the proof that you did a good reporting job is half the story lying on the cutting room floor. The system of queuing up leaders for page one drives some reporters buggy. Brooks Jackson swears he wrote one leader that sat in New York for so long that the print on the thermofax paper actually faded away; the Washington bureau had to send the desk another copy. The paper expanded to two sections in 1980, in part because too much copy was piling up. In the late 1970s, according to page-one editor Glynn Mapes, the backlog ran as long as 125 leaders, or more than a two-month supply.

EDITORS LIKE features that have a long shelf-life, which they call "evergreens"; reporters don't. This leads to a certain artful pegmanship. "The nut-graf is supposed to tell the reader why the story is important," explains Ron Shafer, a feature editor based in Washington. "Reporters will come in with a nut-graf explaining not just why the story is important, but why it is the most important story in the free world, and that the most earth-shaking thing about it is due to break next week." At present, the page-one desk has about a month's worth of major features stacked up, but, curiously, only two days' reserve of the famous whimsical mid-front-page leaders known in *Journal*-jargon as "A-Heads." For some reason, whimsy is in short supply just now.

Changing stylistic mores can provoke traumatic debates at the *Journal*. When political writer Ellen Hume came in with a respectful back-page piece on the growing influence of gays in politics, Washington Bureau Chief Al Hunt sent the story on to New York. But the approved word in the *Journal* stylebook is "homosexual." At a hurried conference on deadline, top editors reluctantly agreed with Hunt that in context, changing gay to homosexual would make the story sound stilted. This offended a page-one editor, who declared that "homosexual" would continue to be the approved usage on his page. Hearing of the uproar the next morning, another reporter observed that the *Journal* had to be the only paper in America with three different policies on this. "They're gays on the back page," said he, "homosexual on the front page, and fags on the edit page."

Twelve years ago, Kent MacDougall wrote a splendid more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger critique of the *Journal* for the now-defunct journalism review, *More*. He began his piece in best *Journal* anecdotal-lead style, describing how, after he decided to resign, he was nearly fired for the sin of using the Dow Jones house wire to tell his colleagues that "On January 7, after 10 years and 3 months of DJ peonage I will be free at last, free at last, great gawd almighty, free at last./Rgds/MacDougall NY."

THE GUERRILLA warfare between the *Journal*'s news department and its editorial page makes a wonderful spectator sport. The two dwell in different worlds. Under Robert Bartley, the editorial page celebrates supply-side economics, which it helped invent. The news columns regularly rain on Bartley's parade. In late 1981, the paper even printed a long, skeptical piece by Paul Blustein on the ideological marketing of supply-side economics—featuring the *Journal*'s own editorial claque.

An even more telling difference between the two parts of the paper is tone. Where the news columns strike a tone of dispassionate intellectual curiosity, the tone of the edit page, as it is called in *Journal* jargon, is scornful and Manichaean. It seldom employs humor, except to mock. Unlike the moderately liberal editorial pages of the *Times* and the *Post*, which strike a pose of lofty public-spiritedness, the *Journal* page gets off the pulpit and into the alley. It is deadly serious about its ideological mission. The edit page once reacted to a tax increase with a black-bordered headline titled THE DEATH OF REASON. Some reporters find the edit page a plain embarrassment—especially on economics. Others find it a very useful beard.

Sometimes the two sections of the paper are a bit like the bluegrass riff, "Dueling Banjos." The edit page defends Ed Meese, both as a wayward debtor and as a debunker of hunger. The news department doesn't. A March 9 story by Janet Guyon provides the definitive rebuttal: ". . . in this spectacularly abundant land, hunger is typically symptomatic of deeper social, psychological or economic problems that defy easy solutions. Some of the hungry are mentally ill. Some are old people on fixed incomes who have lived far longer than they ever imag-

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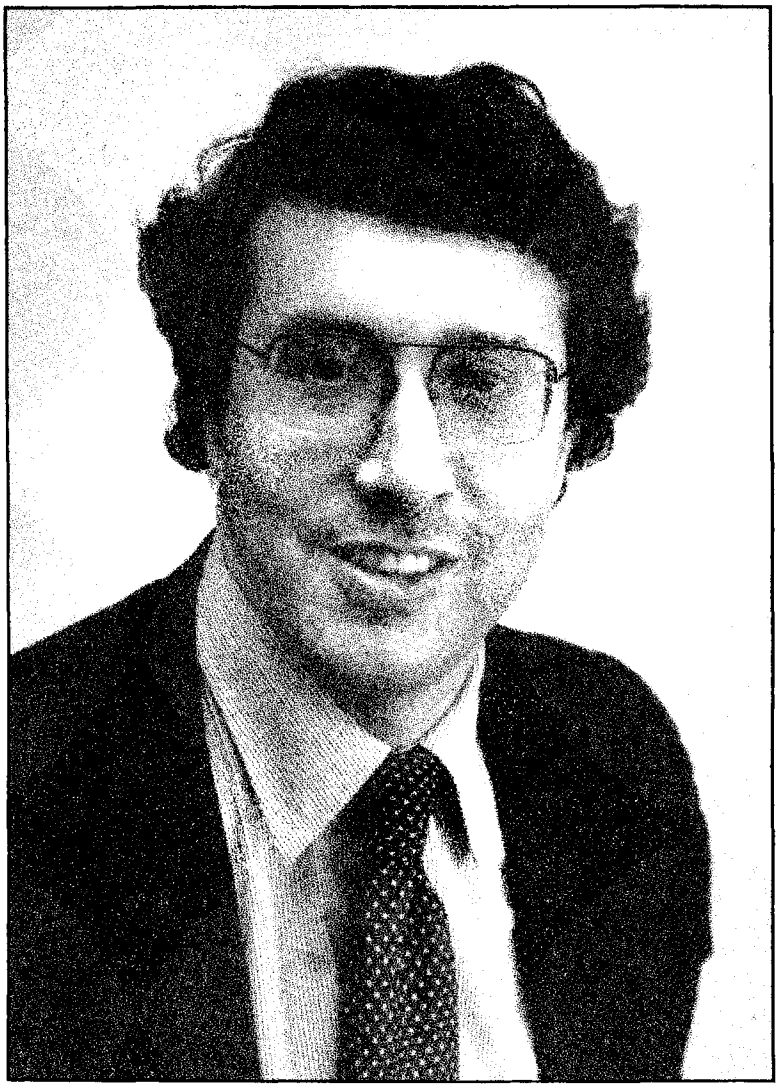
ined or prepared for. Some are drifters, or unemployed veterans, or single mothers living on sharply reduced welfare benefits. Most striking are the multitudes of 'new poor'—formerly middle-class people with houses and cars, but no jobs, no cash and no food."

In the news columns, Washington reporter Andy Pasztor has been dogging the controversy over the pesticide EDB and finds that many of the Environmental Protection Agency's specialists think their political-appointee bosses are failing to protect the public's health. The edit page thinks the whole EDB scare is silly. "Cancer! Cancer!" sneers one editorial. Another, titled THE EDB FLAKEOUT, finds it funny that one proposed substitute pesticide is even more toxic than EDB. A companion Op-Ed piece, reminiscent of Ronald Reagan's famous line about carbon monoxide and trees, reports that the worst carcinogens occur in nature. The editorial page has laughed up its sleeve that acid rain was already a problem in Renaissance Italy; it saves its indignation for yellow rain. The only serious perils are ideological ones.



NORMAN PEARLSTINE

Robert Bartley today is the most influential editorialist in America. His edit page has served as a "networking" device for young conservative intellectuals; it has remade national policy. There is a well-worn loop from small right-wing policy journals to *The Wall Street Journal* Op-Ed page to the *Congressional Record*, and back again to Bartley. Editorial writers Jude Wanniski and Paul Craig Roberts were key tacticians in the Kemp-Roth crusade.

Of all his achievements, Bartley says, he is proudest of having been the last major editorial writer in America to abandon Richard Nixon. Bartley defended the Saturday Night Massacre on the grounds that a President has a perfect right to fire his employees. "It probably cost me a Pulitzer that year," Bartley says, but had somebody not stuck by Nixon right up until the smoking gun, "it would have been very easy for many conservatives to say Nixon was stabbed in the back. We played a very constructive role."

Bartley, incidentally, is extremely close to Dow Jones publisher Warren Phillips, who has passionately defended both the news department's right to call its own shots and Bartley's to be as ideological as he chooses. And if any of the *Journal*'s rising stars feel embarrassed by the dissonance between the news columns and the editorial page, they are not saying so. "I would feel concerned if the opposite were the case," says Pearlstine. Everybody at Dow Jones is bullish about the paper, and Bartley is part of the paper. "One of Bob's strengths is clarity," says Peter Kann. "He may be ideological, but you always know what the point is."

Dow Jones tends to rotate managing editors discreetly upstairs after a term of five or six years; but Bartley, who at 46 has run the edit page since 1972, seems to have life tenure. The closest thing to criticism comes from the *Journal*'s outspoken former managing editor, Fred Taylor, who now holds the title executive editor and is in charge of the *Journal*'s syndicated TV series "The Wall Street Journal Report." "The news department goes its own way," says Taylor, "operating in what we believe to be the real world. And we let Bob go his way in whatever world he thinks he operates in. Most reporters don't buy supply-side. I only know about three people who do. One of them is Bartley. The other two are Paul Craig Roberts and Jack Kemp, and they can't agree on the details." Is the open disagreement between the news columns and the editorial page unseemly? "It's untidy, but I don't think it's unseemly. They make pretty intelligent arguments for their point of view."

To his credit, Bartley is a consistent libertarian. He has harsh words for the Reagan Administration when it turns protectionist and for businessmen when they seek bailouts from government. Unlike most editorialists, who deny that they are being ideological, Bartley salts his

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conversation liberally with the word. "Ideology helps you find the news," he says. The edit page has goaded pragmatic businessmen into ideological consciousness. "The businessman is sort of trapped," says Bartley. "No matter how much he believes in free enterprise as an ideology, his self-interest is sometimes hurt by it. This leads to a lack of ideological seriousness, a kind of hypocrisy."

BARTLEY'S PAGE has encouraged business to put money into ideological tutelage. It has functioned as a bulletin board for innovative conservative policy ideas, for invective, and, sometimes, for sheer crackpottery. My favorite is an Op-Ed piece from last September titled BANKS MUST ACQUIRE EQUITY IN DEBTOR COUNTRIES. (Never mind negotiating with Brazil; *repossess* it.) In a similar vein, Bartley suggested in a signed piece that Mexico might solve its economic woes by selling its oil to some benign multinational, and pursuing reverse land reform by transferring its peasant-owned small farms to an efficient agribusiness.

The news columns, meanwhile, go right on reporting the complex human realities of American capitalism. Not only is there tough reporting of business and little of the business-magazine brand of cheerleading, the paper also covers—vividly, unsentimentally, and more expertly than anybody else—society's downtrodden. While the editorial page is celebrating the free flow of capital and fuming at the high cost of labor, the news columns are reporting the human costs of industrial transition and high unemployment. The *Journal* had reporter Mary Williams take a job as a bank teller to report just how lousy working life can be in the new service economy. Cleveland bureau reporters Gregory Sticharchuk and Ralph E. Winter analyzed the auto industry's policy of requiring workers to put in psychologically stressful compulsory overtime—even in communities with high unemployment. Last June, after a four-month investigation, the paper ran an extraordinary two-part series by George Getschow on the day-labor camps of Houston, whose operators collect $6 to $15 an hour for the labor, but pay the workers minimum wage. Getschow concluded flatly that "many U.S. day laborers face some of the same abuses as powerless workers of the nineteenth century did during the Industrial Revolution."

Journal writers disguise social conscience as hard-nosed realism. Thus in a recent piece by Karen Elliott House and Steve Frazier on urban squalor in Mexico, the "nut-graf" explains that Mexican poverty "could undermine political stability on America's southern border." So there, Bob Bartley. No bleeding hearts here.

Kent MacDougall's main complaints about the *Journal* were that the paper was far too stylized and paternalistic. His farewell telegram, MacDougall wrote, "epitomizes the mixture of affection and resentment I share with nearly everyone who has spent time at the *Journal*." Specifically, MacDougall resented the fact that the *Journal* of the 1960s paid reporters good starting salaries, trained them well, but failed to encourage a career on the *Journal* and watched the best ones depart for other papers; that the *Journal* remained inbred, and rarely hired specialists from outside; that it did a great job on some business stories but missed others entirely; that its rewriting was cutesy to the point of nausea, and "tends to homogenize the product"; that "it may be the best newspaper in the country at exposing rotten apples in the barrel, but the shape of the barrel itself is almost never an issue." Would that some Dow Jones executive, MacDougall concluded plaintively, restore morale and energize the *Journal*, "which for so long has been on the verge of being the best newspaper in the country." Others confirm MacDougall's complaints. "Turnover," recalls former Managing Editor Fred Taylor, "was at least twice what it should have been."

As the exception that proved the rule—"the only reporter with a distinctive style whose stories escape homogenization"—MacDougall pointed to a 29-year-old Southeast Asia correspondent whose pieces "break all the rules of leader-writing." This writer got away with breaking the rules, said MacDougall, only because he was so far away from the editors in New York and so far from the subjects they knew anything about. He remained "a kind of house freak." This rule-breaking freak was Peter Kann.

HOW DOES the current *Journal* under Kann stack up against MacDougall's complaints? The paper now hires lots of senior reporters from outside; the flow of applications from the *Journal* to the *Times*, *Post*, and *Los Angeles Times* has been reversed. In recent years, the *Journal* has acquired Youssef Ibrahim and Edward Pound from the *Times* and Art Pine and Lee Lescaze from the *Post*, as well as a few dozen others from the *Boston Globe*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Forbes*, *Newsweek*, and so on. One senior *Journal* reporter recruited by *The New York Times* went to lunch with a friend on the *Times* to ask whether to take the job. The friend suggested an elaborate strategy for the *Times*'s career development—which beats to horn in on, which colleagues to undercut, which editors to make deals with. To the reporter, it sounded like a survival manual for the Borgias. He stayed at the *Journal*.

The *Journal* still follows its formula, but there is more stylistic variation. The seven-take limit still holds, with only rare exceptions. The paper's critical coverage of business has improved; it has even run unflattering pieces on excutives like J. Paul Austin of Coca Cola (who used to be a member of the Dow Jones Board) and William Agee of Bendix (who still is). It does not quite challenge the very nature of the capitalist barrel, but after all this is *The Wall Street Journal*, not *Pravda*. Despite some exceptional exclusives in recent years—Karen Elliott House's travels with King Hussein and Jonathan Kwitny's investigation of J. Lynn Helms come immediately to mind—it is not quite at the peak of investigative form that it displayed during the 1960s, when it won a string of Pulitzers. Fewer C's, fewer A's.

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The Kann-Pearlstine regime hopes to fix that, but unlike the expansion of the 1960s, they are expanding mainly the paper's business persona. "We begin with the sense that we are America's business daily," says Pearlstine. "That's a terrific franchise that we don't want to give up. Once you have the audience based on the business news, then you can do other things as broad as the imaginations of the editors and writers."

Kann and Pearlstine are more cerebral, more cosmopolitan, and more activist than past *Journal* editors. Kann spent most of his *Journal* career in Asia. He had scarcely set foot on Wall Street for a decade when board chairman Phillips brought him home in 1980 as associate publisher in charge of both the news and business side of the *Journal*. Pearlstine, for his part, is much more of a hands-on editor than his predecessors were. When he took charge last September, he began by calling a meeting of bureau chiefs to outline his new plans for the paper. "I ended up talking for three hours and thirteen minutes," he recalls. The speech became instantly known as Pearlstine's Fidel Castro address.

THE GRAND design includes not only new reporters, new beats, and new bureaus, but several new specialty editors, to keep track of coverage where the paper has been deemed below par—but the design is still strictly business. Editor Lee Lescaze, for example, has been put in charge of the business aspects of certain areas of cultural life: leisure, the arts, entertainment. Pearlstine believes that the *Journal* has been very strong on covering big industries that are regionally based—like autos, oil, and steel—but not so good at covering elusive, emerging industries like microelectronics and options markets, where the *Journal* is often beaten by the business weeklies. New editors will keep track of that, too. The paper is devoting more space to quasi-business beats that previously fell between the cracks: the legal profession, real estate, technology, marketing, accounting. Not surprisingly, Kann and Pearlstine want a lot more international coverage. The *Journal* now has more than one hundred correspondents overseas, plus the resources of the Asian and European editions, which have their own staffs.

In the new format introduced in 1980, the international news spread in the second section has tended to run lots of little items, giving it a kind of choppiness. Karen Elliott House, the new foreign editor (who is also Kann's significant other), hopes to emphasize major issues rather than random reports from the corners of the globe. As recently as 1980, the *Columbia Journalism Review* could criticize the *Journal* for rewriting corporate press releases in the perfunctory business briefs that fill the inside of the paper. These, too, are becoming more reportorial.

Kann and Pearlstine both insist that what they will not do is expand the nonbusiness dimension of the *Journal*. "We quite consciously don't promote the breadth of the paper," says Kann. "It's 'all the business news you need, every business day.' If people buy it as a business paper and then find the other things, that's an unexpected bonus." In fact, the circulation department, which conducts extensive readership surveys, doesn't know the extent of the *Journal*'s nonbusiness audience, because it doesn't really want to know.

One more contradiction is worth remarking on. Dow Jones is a family-owned company. About 56 percent of its stock is held by the Cox and Bancroft families—the descendants of C. W. Barron, who bought most of the *Journal*'s shares from Charles Dow in 1902—and their trusts. Barron himself ran the place, and with a whip hand. But "the family," though it is represented on the Dow Jones board, today leaves the *Journal* strictly alone. William Cox, the highest ranking family member working on the paper—he is now European Advertising Manager—has been known to explain to reporters that as children "we were always told we would never have any say in running Grandfather's paper." Fred Taylor recalls that the only pressure he ever got from the family came after the *Journal* ran a snide piece poking fun at an exclusive lady's club where one of the family doyennes turned out to be a member. "When she came to the next meeting, all twenty-nine members beat her with their canes." Dow Jones is the ultimate in managerial capitalism, and the *Journal*'s executives have recently moved to make sure that this will always be the case. Their lawyers have created two classes of stock so that shares traded to outsiders will have only one tenth the voting rights of shares bequeathed to children.

Thus, the nicest irony of all is that the *Journal* thrives, in part, because its owners display what my Marxist friends would call pre-capitalist values. The family trust and the two classes of stock, after all, are an affront to the theory of the free flow of capital. In a roiling capitalist sea of title changes in markets and shifting entrepreneurial winds, the *Journal* exists as an island of pre-capitalist stability. It is the calm eye surveying the turbulence of what Schumpeter called capitalism's "creative destruction"—assuming, that is, that the creativity of the Kann-Pearlstine endeavor outweighs the destruction.

GENERAL MOTORS may feel free to abandon Detroit for higher returns on investment, but the Bancroft and Cox ladies show no interest whatever in letting the stock market dictate the fortunes of Grandfather's newspaper. I would enjoy reading a Bartley editorial on that. It would serve him right if Dow Jones were sold to the highest bidder who decided to optimize his yield by sacking Bartley. But "the family" is the equivalent of a locally owned factory that stays put, however irrationally. They represent the kind of departure from textbook economic man that makes life bearable. So let us praise the *Journal* as one of the more attractive and useful contradictions of capitalism. □

Research assistance for this article was provided by Chuck Lane.

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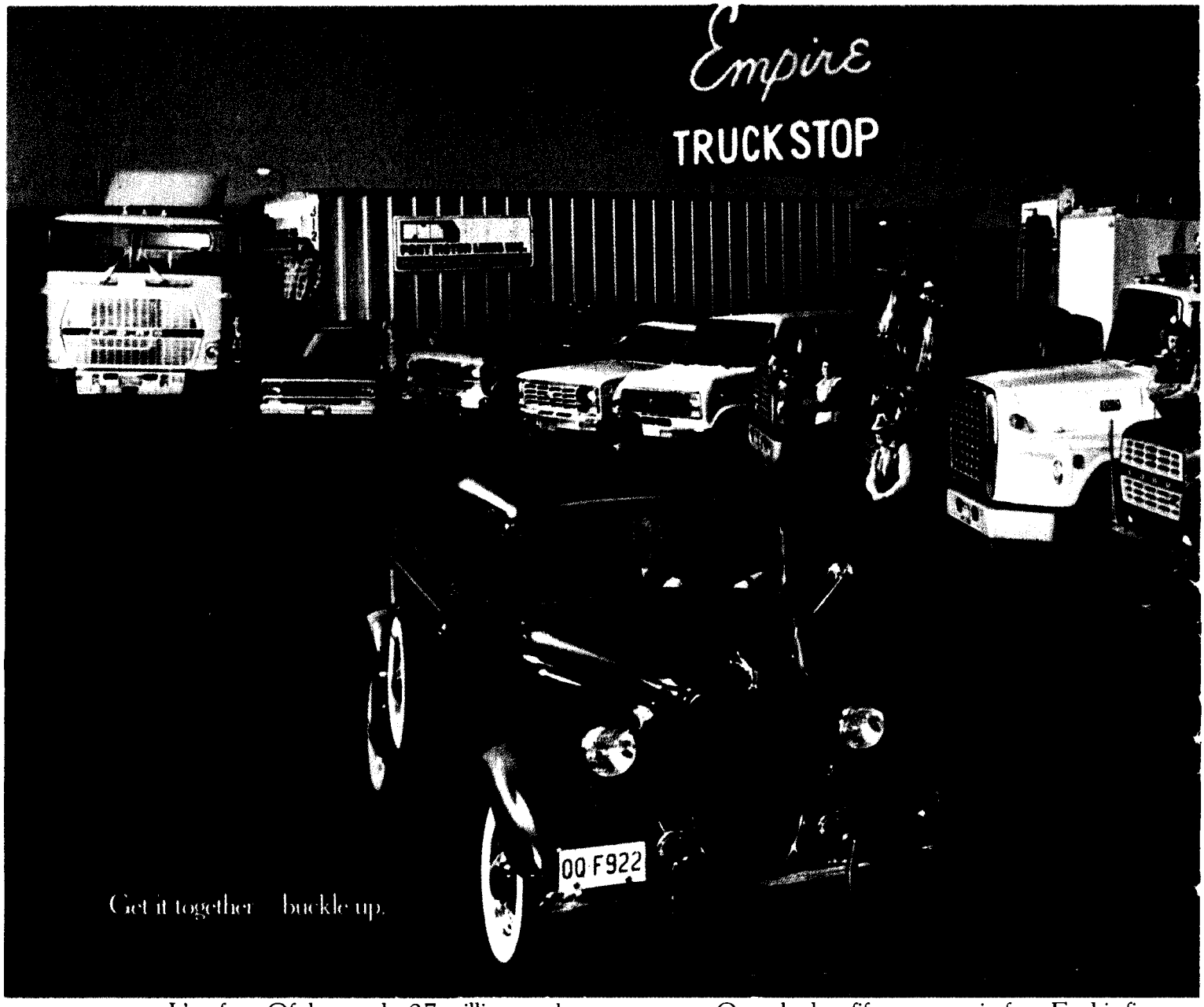

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Untruth and Consequences

Buffon was mistaken: style is not the man himself, it's the universe that is seen by the man. Many a disorderly person has been an orderly artist. But neither is style a separable system into which an artist feeds material. Van Gogh didn't look at the night sky and decide that it would be pretty to paint the constellations as whirls. Joyce didn't decide it would be clever to describe that same sky as "the heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit." Neither artist had, in a sense, much choice. The style was refined through a lifetime and first drafts were not often final drafts, but the temper and vision were given.

L'Argent
(Cinecom International)

Thus it's impossible to imagine Robert Bresson *deciding* to make *L'Argent* as he did. On the basis of his career, we can assume that, at some time after he read Tolstoy's story, "The False Coupon," his mind and imagination shaped the structure and look of his film in ways that his mind and imagination have long been doing. It's a kind of fatalism, I believe. Not all fine artists work the same way all their lives: Ozu is one who did not. Some, like Bresson, do. At the age of seventy-six, he made his thirteenth film in essentially the same style that he used in *Les Anges du Péché* in 1943.

Consequently you know, if you know Bresson, that *L'Argent* was made with nonactors. He has rarely used professionals; he calls his cast "models." You know that if the subject is contemporary, the sounds of metropolitan life will probably be heard under the credits. You know that the story will be told with almost Trappist austerity and emotional economy; that the camera will fix on places a moment before characters enter and will remain a moment after they leave, not only to include environment as a character but also to signify that humans are transient in the world; that probably a chain of consequences will begin with an event seemingly unrelated to the conclusion. This style, which includes numerous other attributes, does not unfailingly produce engrossing films: *Four Nights of a Dreamer* and *Lancelot du Lac* say little more to me than that Bresson made them. *L'Argent*, though it has faults, enlightens. It's not of the quality of *A Man Escaped* and *Diary of a Country Priest* and *Mouchette*, but it's a film to be seen by every Bresson admirer, of whom I hope there are many.

The pattern is simple. A pebble is moved, and the eventual result is an avalanche. A teenage Parisian from a wealthy home asks his father for extra money, besides his weekly allowance, to repay a debt. The money is refused. The teenager consults a friend of his age and station; the other youth has counterfeit banknotes (no explanation of the source) and knows where to pass them (no explanation of the knowledge). The youths pass off a false note to a woman in a camera shop. When her husband discovers the fraud, he passes off the note to the driver of an oil delivery truck. The truckdriver is framed as a passer of counterfeits and goes to prison. (Prisons figure often in Bresson; he spent eighteen months in a German P.O.W. camp during World War II.) The story ends with the driver committing several murders.

The structure has patent holes. The accused driver could easily have proved, despite the shopowner's denials, that he had been there that day; he had a receipted bill. The shop assistant, whom the boss persuades to commit perjury, was evidently a bad egg even without that persuasion. And there's more. Yet, despite the weak seams, the story holds because the focus is not on the story, it's on matters of which we get only some visible-audible evidence. To the devoutly Catholic Bresson, evil is as much a part of life as good, and what happens here en route to God's judgment is not to be taken as proof or disproof of God's being. God does not prove, does not want to prove, his existence by making the good prosper and the wicked suffer, by aiding the morally weak or rescuing the misled. (The most religious person in the film becomes a murder victim.) "Grace is everywhere," says the country priest in Bernanos's novel and Bresson's film, just before he dies of cancer. This world is, after all, only this world, says *L'Argent*; God knows everything, the suffering of the faithful and also the suffering of the sinner.

The people in the film—as far as I can perceive—are not professional actors. Bresson hates acting, has often said so. He chooses people who have what he considers the right personal qualities for their roles, and he says that he never uses people twice because the second time they would try to give him what he wants instead of what they are. It's as if he were guided by Kleist's line: "Grace appears most purely in that human form which either has no consciousness or an infinite consciousness; that is, in the puppet or in the god." Since Bresson can't employ gods, he gets as close as possible to puppets—with nonactors. They enact the story of

FILMS WORTH SEEING

And the Ship Sails On. Gorgeously. Fellini's allegory of European fate, on a luxury liner in 1914, is witty, poignant, and—above all—gorgeous. (Reviewed 2/13/84)

Le Crabe Tambour. An odd prickly story about French military pride in Vietnam and Algeria and on a destroyer. Raoul Coutard's maritime cinematography is magnificent. (3/12/84)

Splash. Cute. A mermaid in Manhattan. (On land she has legs.) Some of the mix-ups are mechanical, but much of it is brisk and bright. (4/9/84)

Tender Mercies. Robert Duvall is quietly splendid in Horton Foote's good screenplay about a Texas country singer who hits bottom and comes back as far as he wants to. (4/11/83)

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L'Argent much as medieval townsfolk might have enacted a morality play, with little skill and much conviction.

Once, in conversation with an English playwright-screenwriter, I mentioned Bresson, and the Englishman said, "Ah, yes, the doorknob man." It's a funny, quick caricature. Bresson does often focus on a door through which a person passes or on a "headless" body approaching a door, turning the knob, and passing through. (His rare moving shots are usually reserved for that kind of traversal.) When it isn't doorknobs in this new film, it's cell doors—in prisons that are so clean and well-run, so much a part of society's organization, that they freeze the marrow. Bresson puts places, things, and people on virtually the same plane of importance. Other directors do this, too—Antonioni, for instance. But with Antonioni, it's to show that the world is inescapable, almost a prison itself; Bresson wants to show that the world and the things in it are as much a part of God's mind as the people in the world.

Bresson's view is well conveyed here by his two cinematographers, Emmanuel Machuel, whose previous work I don't know, and Pasqualino de Santis, who has worked for Bresson before, as well as for Visconti and Rosi. All the colors look pre-Raphaelite, the innocent idea of blue or red or whatever. This fits Bresson's elliptical "innocent" method: violence runs through this film but is never seen. When the driver commits a double murder, all we see of it is the tap water that runs red in a basin for a few moments as he washes his hands. When he commits ax killings, the only stroke we see is when he hits a lamp.

The last sequence of the film is its most piercing. The driver, who has killed off a family in an isolated country house, goes to an inn. He sits and has a cognac. Then he walks over to some policemen standing at the bar and confesses his crimes. In the next shot we are with the crowd outside the inn door. As they watch, the police come out, taking the driver away. The crowd still waits, watching the door, watching for more police, more prisoners. There will be no more, but they keep waiting and watching. The film ends.

We are that crowd.

The contradictory conservatism of Reagan's hero.

THE TWO FACES OF WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

BY JOHN B. JUDIS

If God exists, a man cannot be a Communist, which begins with the rejection of God. But if God does not exist, it follows that Communism, or some suitable variant of it, is right.

—Whittaker Chambers,
"A Direct Glance"

In this fiction everything, everybody is either all good or all bad, without any of those intermediate shades which, in life, complicate reality and perplex the eye that seeks to probe it truly.

—Whittaker Chambers,
review of Ayn Rand's
Atlas Shrugged

Whittaker Chambers, who died in 1961, still enjoys a vigorous life in the political mind of America. His notoriety has largely been limited to the question of whether or not he was telling the truth in 1948 when he claimed that, as a Soviet agent in Washington during the 1930s, he was given classified documents by State Department official Alger Hiss. While supporters of America's role in the cold war have tended to believe that Hiss was guilty, critics of America's role have tended to believe—against documentation that could fill a small-town library—that Chambers, out of psychopathic spite or political enmity, framed Hiss.

But Chambers's importance to American political history did not end when Hiss was finally pronounced guilty in January 1950. Chambers spent the next two years on his farm in rural Maryland writing his autobiography, *Witness*, and the remainder of his life working with a new generation of American right-wingers trying to develop an American conservative movement. Chambers's contribution to that

John B. Judis is a senior editor of *In These Times*.

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movement was immense. It is of more than passing contemporary interest.

Ronald Reagan was repaying a very old political debt last month when he named Chambers to receive the Medal of Honor, the nation's highest civilian award. Chambers's autobiography had a deep effect on Reagan who was, in 1952, moving away from New Deal liberalism and toward Goldwater conservatism. Chambers was the only conservative quoted or even cited by Reagan in his 1965 autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?* And since taking office in 1981, Reagan has paid tribute to Chambers in at least one speech every year. Most recently, in his address on February 6 at Eureka College, Reagan credited Chambers with beginning "the counterrevolution of the intellectuals." "Chambers's story," Reagan said, "represents a generation's disenchantment with statism and its return to eternal truths and fundamental values."

In his speeches, Reagan has praised Chambers for his theological and apocalyptic understanding of the struggle against communism. Speaking in March 1983 before the Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington, the President credited Chambers with understanding that "the crisis of the Western world exists to the degree in which the West is indifferent to God, the degree to which it collaborates in communism's attempt to make man stand alone without God." Speaking before the same gathering in February 1982, Reagan quoted at length Chambers's warning that "within the next decades will be decided for generations whether . . . civilization as we know it is to be completely destroyed or completely changed."

There was another side, however, to Chambers's conservatism. While Chambers epitomized the absolutist and the extremist, whether as a Soviet spy or as the anti-Communist of *Witness*, he was also a man of considerable political and intellectual sophistication. As a Communist, he had spent nearly fifteen years trying to understand how a movement on the margins of society could capture the mainstream. By the time he became a conservative, he had already learned from Lenin that a fledgling movement must hew a careful path between opportunism and sectarianism if it is to succeed. Chambers was well aware of the pitfalls of the soapbox and the third party, but few of his comrades on the political right were.

Chambers was also a man of prodigious learning, who had taught himself to read and speak Russian, German, and Spanish and, according to some accounts, Hungarian and Chinese as well. While he could be doctrinaire in his political views, he had the intellectual's penchant for understanding, rather than simply dismissing, the avant-garde, from existentialism to Allen Ginsberg and Britain's Angry Young Men.

Chambers also appreciated the historical paradox of trying to develop a conservative politics in a nation that had never had an *ancien régime*. For the last decade of his life, as an editor and contributor to *National Review*, the most important conservative publication of its day, and as a close friend of William F. Buckley Jr., its founder, Chambers waged a quiet struggle to make conservatives more realistic about their politics.

ALONG WITH Max Eastman and James Burnham, who also ended up writing for *National Review*, Chambers belonged to a particular generation of Americans who came of age in the 1920s rather than in the 1930s. They came to the left as radical individualists and bohemian intellectuals, through an interest in the arts and philosophy rather than through the experience of exploitation or poverty or political organization. Their individualism colored and finally subverted their commitment to communism—and in some cases, to the left itself.

But Chambers was more eccentric and alienated than Eastman or Burnham. While they were excelling at Harvard and Princeton, Chambers was getting bounced from Columbia as a sophomore for publishing a blasphemous play in the school's literary magazine. While they achieved public acclaim quickly, Chambers chose to labor in the nether world of the Communist underground.

Brought up in a troubled, bohemian family ill at ease in middle-class Lynbrook, Long Island (his father temporarily left the family for a homosexual lover, his younger brother committed suicide), Chambers was plagued by

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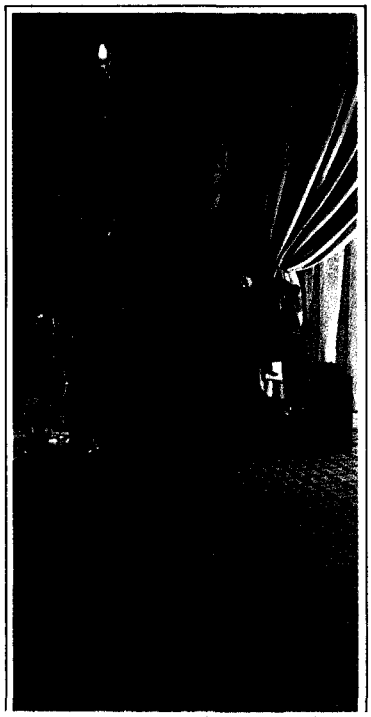

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doubt and guilt, reinforced by sporadic secret homosexual adventures. Chambers's anguish probably made him more receptive, whether as a Communist or an anti-Communist, to overly simple melodramatic world systems. It also lent passion to his writing. Chambers's tendency to denigrate and then overestimate his role in life, however, may have freed him from the average American's obsession with income and status, and permitted him to devote his life to the reckless pursuit of ideas.

In 1932, after a brief career as a writer and editor on *The Daily Worker* and *The New Masses*, Chambers became a Soviet secret agent, serving as a courier and organizing a network of pro-Soviet or Communist officials in the Roosevelt Administration. It was in this capacity, according to Chambers, that he worked with Alger Hiss. Chambers quit the Communist Party and his work as a spy in 1938. He had become somewhat disillusioned with the Soviet Union, but he also feared for his life. Having been accused by a political opponent of being a "Trotskyite," Chambers had been summoned back to Moscow in 1937, the time of the Great Purge. He stalled; and when one of his associates disappeared and another was arrested in Moscow, he decided to make a break.

After a year on the run, Chambers resurfaced and was hired by *Time* as a book reviewer. By the early 1940s, Chambers's political views and manner of life had swung full circle. Once a revolutionary Communist, he was now a counterrevolutionary anti-Communist, for whom even the New Deal was anathema. He adopted the Republicanism of his parents and grandparents, and the Quaker faith of his paternal grandmother.

At *Time*, Chambers became part of a group of writers and editors, including future *National Review* editors Willi Schlamm and John Chamberlain, who held out doggedly for an anti-Soviet foreign policy during the period of wartime cooperation with the Soviet Union. In the early 1940s, Chambers's writing and his view of the Soviet Union caught the eye of Henry Luce, who elevated him to foreign news editor in 1943. Two years later, faced with a staff revolt against Chambers's editing, Luce had to shift him to special projects, where his long features for *Life* and *Time* still had considerable impact. But Chambers's career at *Time* was cut short by an intrusion from his past.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In August 1948, Chambers was invited, almost as an afterthought, to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC). By naming Hiss, however, Chambers captured the day's headlines. Uncomfortable in his role as informer, he spent the next two years trying to establish Hiss's guilt before HUAC, grand juries, the F.B.I., and two court trials. Finally, in January 1950, a jury found Hiss guilty of having lied to HUAC when he denied passing documents and copies of documents to Chambers.

Chambers's public revelation that he had been a Soviet spy ended his career at *Time*. Even after Hiss was found guilty, Luce never rehired him. Chambers retired to his farm to write *Witness*. It was in places a ponderous and pretentious book, marred by its author's inflated estimate of his own virtue and importance. As a whole, however, *Witness* succeeded in conveying not only its subject's agitated mental state, but also the peculiar ambience of both the Communist underground and the postwar domestic cold war. *Witness* was part of a tradition of Christian confessional literature and part of an entirely modern postwar genre that blended together journalism, autobiography, and political commentary.

When *Witness* appeared in 1952 it briefly made the best-seller lists, but its tone and length—eight hundred pages—proved too much for most readers. There was one group of readers, however, that found it both inspiring and enlightening: young right-wing intellectuals who were groping during the early 1950s for a way to develop a new conservative intellectual and political movement.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s there was, strictly speaking, no conservative movement in America. There were individuals and organizations identified with the right wing, from Gerald L. K. Smith to Ohio Senator Robert Taft, but they often had nothing in common except an estrangement from the New Deal and American globalism. In intellectual circles, there was more common ground, but not quite a unifying focus, from traditionalists like Russell Kirk and laissez-faire individualists like Frank Chodorov to former leftists turned anti-Communist like Burnham. Chambers helped to give

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these groups a focus through the apocalyptic anticommunism of *Witness*.

Chambers, whose break with communism had coincided with a religious awakening (a voice had said to him, "If you will fight for freedom all will be well with you"), saw the struggle between Western civilization (or "the free world") and communism as a struggle between "two rival faiths," between good and evil. Communism was the Antichrist, and the cold war was Armageddon. But communism was not simply the social system developed in the Soviet Union. According to Chambers, what distinguished communism was the Communist's belief that human beings could achieve "order, abundance, security, peace" through politics—through a "purpose or plan"—without resort to God. Communism posed "the most revolutionary question in history: God or Man?" It answered: "Man."

In this sense, modern liberalism, socialism, and social democracy, which also aim to eliminate "age-old senseless suffering" with "a purpose or a plan," were mere variants of communism. Chambers described socialism as "Communism with the claws removed." While the "focus of concentrated evil" in the world was the communism embodied in the Soviet Union, the evil essence of communism could be found unfocused in Roosevelt's New Deal or in the British Labour Party's program for the nationalization of industry.

Thus, Chambers synthesized the preoccupations of the right. Communism was not merely undesirable; it was evil. And it was present not merely in Moscow, but in Washington, disguised in the form of economic planning, or Keynesianism. In a passage that Reagan quoted in his own memoir, Chambers wrote:

> When I took up my little sling and aimed at Communism, I also hit at something else. What I hit was the force of that great Socialist revolution which in the name of *liberalism*, spasmodically, incompletely, somewhat formlessly, but always in the same direction, has been inching its icecap over the nation for two decades.

Chambers's anti-Communist theology was based, however, on two nontheological assumptions. First, Chambers's view of communism was still shaped by his own experience in the party. While Chambers no longer believed that communism was a desirable social system, he continued to accept Stalinism and official Marxist-Leninist ideology as a theory of history and an explanation of Soviet behavior. Chambers interpreted Soviet actions in the light of Soviet ideology, rather than subjecting its ideology to the test of its actions. Thus Chambers ignored the extent to which Soviet communism bore little resemblance to the Marxist paradigm, but was instead a hybrid of Czarist authoritarianism and Marx's nightmare of the state as collective capitalist. Similarly, Chambers ignored the extent to which Soviet foreign policy was dictated by nationalism, Great Power imperialism (another relic of Russia's past), and the experiences of two world wars, rather than by proletarian internationalism. Instead of following the Soviet line, Chambers saw the Soviet Union as an entirely new kind of nation whose role was to create a World Revolution after its own image.

Secondly, Chambers's view of liberalism was shaped both by the wishful thinking of some Communists during the post-1935 Popular Front period, who saw the New Deal not as capitalist reform, but as the groundwork for socialism, and by the warnings of Frederich Von Hayek's influential 1946 book, *The Road to Serfdom*. Hayek warned that "mixed economies" like those of Britain or the United States risked evolving into economies like those of the Soviet Union or Nazi Germany, with their accompanying political forms. Hayek posed to the Western democracies a stark choice between individualism and collectivism, a category in which the New Deal was lumped together with Stalinism and Nazism. Chambers translated this into "God or Man?"

Chambers's views were, of course, not accepted by everyone who came to be called a conservative. Max Eastman, for instance, found no use for Chambers's theology. But Chambers showed the most active new conservatives how a militant anticommunism could become the basis for the new movement.

IN THE decade after *Witness*, a new conservative intellectual and political movement did spring up. In 1953, Russell Kirk published his *The Conservative Mind*, which gave the new movement its name. In 1955 William Buckley, with the assistance of Willi Schlamm, James Burnham, and others, founded *National Review*. By the early 1960s, a conservative faction had formed within the Republican Party that in 1964 would help nominate Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater for the Presidency.

Chambers cast a watchful and sometimes supportive eye toward these proceedings. When Kirk's book appeared, he used his influence at *Time* to secure it a featured review. In 1954 he began a close friendship and correspondence with Buckley that culminated in his joining *National Review*'s editorial board from 1957 to 1959. But Chambers kept his distance from the conservative movement that he had helped to inspire. He was held down from full participation in any movement by successive heart attacks, the last of which killed him. But he also could not fully reconcile himself to the new movement. In one respect, Chambers's problem was internal: he did not know how to apply the worldview he developed in *Witness* to the political issues of the 1950s. But his problem was also with the movement itself. He found himself continually at odds with its position on issues and candidates.

On the most abstract level, Chambers

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found himself wondering what it meant to be a conservative in a country like America, whose basic ideas reflected the liberal Enlightenment. Chambers concluded that the only solution was to compromise or, as he put it, "to maneuver." He wrote his friend Duncan Taylor-Norton in 1954:

> Of course, it is the duty of the intellectuals of the West to preach reaction, and to keep pointing out why the Enlightenment and its fruits were a wrong turning in man's history. But it was a turning, and, within its terms, we must maneuver at the point where to maneuver is to live.

When Buckley and Willi Schlamm approached Chambers in 1954 to become an editor of *National Review*, he was forced to confront the dilemma on a more specific basis. Programmatically, Buckley and Schlamm stood for the revocation of the New Deal and the welfare state; politically, they opposed the Eisenhower Administration and Eisenhower's Vice President Richard Nixon, whom Chambers had met and grown to admire during the Hiss case. In a series of letters, Chambers argued that their position was "reactionary" rather than "conservative." Chambers's conservative politics drew upon his version of Marxist dialectics and upon the example of British Conservative Party leader Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, who convinced the Tories in 1867 to take the leadership in extending the suffrage. "I remain a dialectician," Chambers wrote Buckley and Schlamm,

> and history tells me that the rock-core of the Conservative Position, or any fragment of it, can be held realistically only if conservatism will accommodate itself to the needs and hopes for the masses. . . . That is, of course, the Beaconsfield position.

In saying that he was still a dialectician, Chambers meant that he still believed that social and political change was determined by events outside the control or prescription of any individual—by the inevitable advance of technology under capitalism and by the evolving needs and sentiments of the majority of people. The role of conservatives, Chambers argued, was not to try to block or revoke those changes, which was futile, but to shape them according to conservative ideals and principles.

Chambers tried to explain this point to Buckley and Schlamm with the example of government price supports for agriculture, which Chambers called "rural socialism." Such supports, Chambers contended, were the inevitable outcomes of new agricultural technology, which produced a new abundance that would drive farmers' prices down to almost zero. The farmers had no choice but to demand price supports, the government no choice but to grant them. "The machine has made the economy socialistic," Chambers wrote. "The government has only enacted one aspect of the fact into law." A conservatism that opposed price supports, Chambers warned, would have to advise farmers to smash their machines, "but a conservatism that would say that is not a political force or even a twitch: it has become a literary whimsy."

In one of his memorable passages, Chambers summed up for Buckley and Schlamm what the conservative position entailed:

> Escapism is laudable, perhaps the only truly honorable course for humane men—but only for them. Those who remain in the world, if they will not surrender on its terms, must maneuver within its terms. That is what conservatives must decide: how much to give in order to survive at all; how much to give in order not to give up basic principles. And of course that results in a dance along a precipice. Many will drop over, and, always, the cliff dancers will hear the screaming curses of those who fall, or be numbed by the sullen silence of those, nobler souls perhaps, who will not join the dance.

AFTER EISENHOWER and Nixon's reelection, Chambers agreed to join the *National Review* editorial board. He resigned, however, in 1959, partly for reasons of health, partly because he wanted to go back to college (Chambers spent his last two years of life at Western Maryland State College studying science and classical Greek, among other things), but also partly because he again found himself at odds with *National Review*'s conservatism.

In 1959 some of *National Review*'s editors were gearing up to oppose Richard Nixon's election in 1960. *National Review* was also leading a nationwide campaign to protest Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev's visit to the United States at the invitation of Eisenhower. Chambers protested the magazine's inability to distinguish Khrushchev from Stalin ("He is no monster . . . in the sense that Stalin *was* a monster," Chambers wrote Buckley). More generally, Chambers argued that the magazine's opposition to any discussion with the Soviet Union amounted to a declaration of war, which Americans were simply not willing to accept. The conservatives were again defying the dialectic. With a touch of irony, Chambers wrote Buckley:

> The logic of *National Review*'s policy . . . is: war. If gentlemen hold that war is necessary, I, for one, wish they should say so simply. . . . It is not an easy position; it should take courage to set it forth at all. But it would be an intelligible position, and popular, I am told, with SAC [the Strategic Air Command], though I doubt that it would be so with wider circles.

Chambers also found himself at odds with the conservatives' choice of heroes, and with what he regarded as the movement's lack of commitment to freedom. As Buckley learned when he asked Chambers to write a blurb for his 1954 book, *McCarthy and His Enemies*, Chambers despised McCarthy and didn't want to have anything to do with him. Chambers was convinced, he presciently wrote Buckley's publisher in February 1954, that McCarthy's "flair for the sensational, his inaccuracies and distortions, his tendency to sacrifice the greater objective for the momentary effect [would] lead him and us into trouble."

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In April 1959 Chambers astounded many conservatives by arguing in *National Review* that Hiss, who had been released from jail, should not be denied a passport. Chambers believed that the defense of civil liberties should be an essential part of the conservative position. Commenting on conservatives' opposition to a passport for Hiss, Chambers wrote Buckley:

> Liberals, by default, preempt the humane and intellectually sound positions, when it is precisely the Liberals who, in the name of freedom, are inviting the Total State. I think the Right is playing into their hands, and that the time has come for those who claim that general position for themselves to examine and define with a special scrupulousness the civil liberties field.

By the late 1950s, Chambers was no longer calling himself a "conservative," but a "man of the right." He set forth some of his reasons in a letter to Buckley in December 1958. Temperamentally, Chambers, the old individualist, felt himself at odds with the trend toward political and religious orthodoxy that he found among conservatives. "The temptation to orthodoxy is often strong, never more than in an age like this one, especially in a personal situation like mine," Chambers wrote Buckley. "But it is not a temptation to which I have found it possible to yield."

But Chambers also came back to the more general problem of American conservatism:

> I am a man of the Right because I mean to uphold capitalism in its American version. But I claim that capitalism is not, and by its essential nature cannot conceivably be, conservative. This is particularly true of capitalism in the United States, which knew no Middle Age; which was born, in so far as it was ideological, of the Enlightenment. . . . Capitalism, whenever it seeks to become conservative in any quarter, at once settles into mere reaction. . . . Hence the sense of unreality and pessimism on the Right, running off into all manner of crackpotism.

Chambers was not, of course, repudiating the conservative movement, the way he repudiated the Communist Party when he broke with it and the left in the late 1930s. He continued to identify with the broader right, even as he became exasperated with the politics of the new conservative movement. And he remained close to Buckley and Burnham to the end of his life. But the strains that were emerging were not merely tactical. And they affected Chambers's own ultimate assumptions.

The problem with the conservative movement that Chambers sensed in the late 1950s was also a problem with Chambers's own worldview as put forth in *Witness*. The conservative movement's most sectarian and crackpot tendencies were consistent with the position that Chambers had propounded in *Witness*. If communism was the "focus of concentrated evil" in the world, why should an American Administration invite one of its Satanic representatives to visit its shores? If liberalism was really socialism, which was really "Communism with its claws removed," why should conservatives have accepted Social Security or government price supports for agriculture? If an evil, and not merely undesirable, policy is the issue, what room is there for compromise or maneuver?

The problem can be restated in this way: Disraeli, Chambers's model, revived the Tory Party in Britain not simply by teaching it compromise, but by challenging its antiquated social ideal, which conceived of government as the province of the Crown and landed estates. Similarly, Chambers sought to teach American conservatives the art of political compromise. In *Witness*, however, he provided them with an ideal that brooked no compromise.

CHAMBERS never resolved this contradiction. His published writings of the 1950s, the most impressive of which is his 1957 panning of Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*, and his letters to Buckley, were published posthumously in *Odyssey of a Friend*. They betray a man impatient with political absolutes. But his unpublished writings, collected posthumously in *Cold Friday*, largely reiterate, with considerably less grace, the apocalyptical themes of *Witness*.

During the 1950s, American conservatives did not have to worry about the contradictions in Chambers's thinking. Their politics, from the John Birch Society's paranoid anticommunism to the more cosmopolitan anti-Eisenhower polemics of *National Review*, derived from *Witness* rather than from Chambers's reflections on Disraeli or Lenin. But in the 1960s, as conservatives began taking over the Republican Party, they found themselves faced with Chambers's dilemma: "how much to give in order to survive at all; how much to give in order not to give up basic principles."

Goldwater's landslide defeat in 1964 forced the more thoughtful conservatives to reassess their political strategy. In an October 1964 speech to members of New York's Conservative Party, William Buckley restated in his own terms Chambers's call for a realistic conservative politics:

> A conservative is simultaneously concerned with two things, the first being the shape of the visionary or paradigmatic society towards which we should labor; the second, the speech with which it is thinkable to advance towards that ideal society; and the foreknowledge that any advance upon it is necessarily asymptotic, that is, that we cannot hope for ideological home runs and definitive victories; not at least, until the successful completion of the work of the Society for the Abolition of Original Sin.

BUT NEITHER Buckley nor the other conservatives who adopted a more realistic politics after 1964 abandoned Chambers's original anti-Communist worldview. Like Chambers, they tried to reconcile an otherworldly demarcation of politics into good and evil forces with the worldly imperatives of winning office. As a result, they did not find themselves creating a strategy with which they could attain their goals of a world without evil, but a rationalization for proceeding as if it were possible to do so. Within the conservative movement, this has created a curious dynamic. Conservatives have recognized the necessity of taking the Beaconsfield path at the same time as they have denounced every step in that direction as base opportunism.

No American politician has experienced this dilemma more acutely than Ronald Reagan. Reagan's annual references to Chambers's *Witness* in his speeches to conservative and evangelical audiences have not been only for their benefit, but his. Reagan has continued to invoke Chambers, and the worldview of *Witness* has permeated his speeches over the years. For instance, Reagan's charge that the Soviet Union is a "focus of evil" is simply an echo of Chambers's charge that communism is the "focus of concentrated evil." But Reagan has also demonstrated a clear grasp of the Beaconsfield position, ever since his brilliant campaign for governor in 1966.

Reagan did not, however, have to face the full consequences of Chambers's contradictory legacy until he became President. As governor, Reagan

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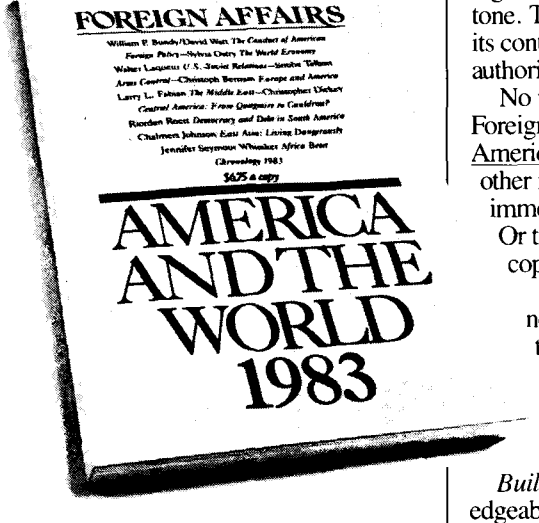

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placated conservative critics by pointing out the limitations of a state official's office. But as President, Reagan has acquired the instruments of national and world power. What he has lacked is the popular mandate to use them as the conservatives of the 1950s might have wanted him to use them. Reagan's first term has dramatized the internal contradictions of conservative politics.

Within the Reagan Administration, the principal conflicts have revolved precisely around these contradictions. Should the President accede to arms control agreements and propose new ones that ratify military parity between the United States and the Soviet Union? Should he allow American firms to assist the Soviet Union indirectly in building a pipeline to Western Europe? Should the President ally the United States with a lesser Communist nation on the expedient grounds that it promises to help against the most powerful Communist nation? Should the President approve of measures that enlarge the state's reach into the economy and society?

Questions like these have plagued previous Administrations, but they have been resolvable. When the Nixon Administration declared its opening to China, it also altered its and the nation's view of world communism. But the Reagan Administration cannot escape either Chambers's nightmare of Communist evil nor the exigencies of contemporary geopolitics. It is caught between them.

The Reagan Administration's repeated ventures along the Beaconsfield path—for instance, its continued adherence to SALT II, its deflection of the Social Security issue onto a bipartisan commission, and its acceptance of a minor jobs bill and tax increases during the recent recession—have deeply and predictably angered the nation's conservatives. But these conservatives have refused to understand the dilemma they face. They have blamed the Administration policies they dislike on "White House pragmatists" and have argued that Reagan's staff allow "Reagan to be Reagan." Such formulations ignore Reagan's consistent record as a campaigner and a governor and a President. Reagan does share the conservatives' worldview, but he is also committed to the politics of maneuver. Reagan has been Reagan. He has honored both the Chambers of *Witness* and the Chambers who advocated a "dance along the precipice."

On March 26, when Reagan awarded Chambers the Medal of Honor, conservatives would have done well to recall that it was not George Bush, nor James Baker, but Whittaker Chambers, ruminating in the basement study of his farm, who condemned America's conservatives to wander between theology and pragmatism, between dreams of redemption and the intractable complexities of politics and diplomacy.

LIFE BETWEEN COVERS

The Paper Men
by William Golding

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 191 pp., $13.95)

Anything a writer does after winning the Nobel Prize is apt to seem an anticlimax. William Golding's new novel, *The Paper Men*, is no exception to the rule. Its reception by reviewers in Britain (where it was published in February of this year) has been what is euphemistically called "mixed"—in other words, respectfully disappointed. I was disappointed myself on first acquaintance, but thought better of it on a second reading. It is not quite the novel it appears to be—or, to be more precise, it is not a good example of the kind of novel it appears to be: a comedy of literary and academic manners. But it is an interesting variation on a kind of novel that Mr. Golding has made peculiarly his own—the fable of spiritual crisis.

The narrator, Wilfred Barclay, is a British novelist of some literary reputation, who bears a teasing resemblance to Golding himself (bearded, dishevelled, with a home in the West Country) though he is somewhat younger and very much less respectable than his creator. The story chiefly concerns Barclay's fraught relationship with an American academic, Rick L. Tucker, who has made the novelist his special study, is anxious to become his biographer and literary executor, and will not take no for an answer. The tale begins on a note of excellent farce, with the American professor caught going through the domestic trash cans of his host, the novelist, in the middle of the night, in search of manuscript material. Barclay, mistaking the researcher for a badger, wings him with an air-gun pellet as his own insecurely fastened pajama trousers subside around his ankles.

This ludicrous episode inadvertently reveals to Barclay's wife, Elizabeth, some previously concealed infidelity, and breaks up their already fragile marriage. Barclay seeks to escape his problems—and his aspirant biographer—by taking to the freeways and airways of the world, moving from place to place in a haze of alchohol and repressed guilt. But Rick L. Tucker catches up with him some years later in a hotel high above Lake Zurich, pesters him tirelessly to be appointed his official biographer, seems to offer his own new, young, and beautiful bride's sexual favors as a bribe, and then, to the novelist's chagrin, saves the latter's life when a handrail on the edge of a yawning chasm suddenly gives way in the fog. The deed is less heroic than it seems, but Barclay doesn't know this, and seeks to escape his indebtedness by absconding again, in a series of planes and hired cars, leaving a trail of false forwarding addresses behind him like a criminal on the run.

Clearly there is promising material for fiction here. The relationship between biographer and biographee (to coin a necessary term) is full of human and dramatic interest, especially when the latter is still living. Even when the work has been authorized, there is apt to be some tension between the two parties involved, for the biographer will naturally want to probe into just those areas of the subject's life that he or she would prefer to keep concealed from public scrutiny—either because they are shameful or because (if the biographee is a writer) they may encourage a reductive interpretation of the imaginative work.

The literary biographer is an empirical researcher, a kind of historian; he is

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bound by his discipline to pursue the facts into the deepest recesses of his subject's personal life and psyche. He is willy-nilly a textual sleuth, for whom works of fiction are mysteries to be solved, by following a trail of clues back into the writer's experience. When a novel, play, or poem is traced to its "source" in the writer's life, however, there is some danger that the larger public significance of the former may be displaced by the fascinating empirical reality of the latter. Not surprisingly, therefore, writers seldom authorize biographies of themselves while they are still alive, and often leave widows staunchly defending their privacy when they are dead.

AT THIS very moment a controversy is raging in Britain, mainly in the correspondence pages of the *Times Literary Supplement*, about access to the manuscript sources for the life of T. S. Eliot. The controversy has been triggered by a new play, called *Tom and Viv*, by Michael Hastings, which explores the tormented relationship between the poet and his first wife, and suggests that he took the initiative in having her certified insane. Hastings has defended the speculative nature of his play by accusing the executrix of the Eliot estate, Mrs. Valerie Eliot (his second wife), of obstructing access to her husband's private papers. Mrs. Eliot has denied the charge. Other correspondents have argued fiercely about the ethical and critical issues involved in the dispute. Do we have any right to know the painful details of Eliot's marital problems just because he is famous and dead? Is such information necessary or even relevant to a proper reading of his poetry?

These are fascinating and intricate questions. No doubt our answers will depend in part on the character of the writer involved, and in part on the tact of the biographical researcher. Eliot's poetry is so fragile, precariously poised between the artfully allusive and the enigmatically subjective, that its subtle suggestiveness could easily be destroyed by the heavy hand of biographical interpretation. But the artistic reputation of James Joyce has been enhanced rather than demeaned by the meticulous scholarship of Richard Ellmann, and the initial shock of reading Joyce's polymorphously perverse erotic letters to Nora soon wears off and does not affect the fundamental humor and

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compassion of his treatment of human sexuality in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

Joyce's friend and amanuensis, Samuel Beckett, has always had the reputation of being one of the most intensely private and reclusive of modern writers; so there was considerable astonishment (and not a little envy) in the literary world when a totally unknown young American academic, Deirdre Bair, published a major biography in 1978, full of startling, well-documented revelations about Beckett's early life. In her preface she explains that when she first approached Beckett about the project, as a doctoral candidate in search of a dissertation topic, he told her that he would neither help nor hinder her. She took this as a kind of permission, though admits that "I am sure he did not want this book to be written, and would have been grateful if I had abandoned it." Bair's biggest single coup was discovering and getting access to a cache of letters written by Beckett to his friend Thomas McGreevy. "So you've found them, then," Beckett commented stoically, like the culprit on the last page of a detective story holding out his wrists for the handcuffs. He seems to have agreed to play the part of the hunted rodent in the biographical game of cat-and-mouse out of courtesy or apathy. Or was he, as Bair suggests, intrigued, in spite of himself, at the opportunity to see "in his own lifetime how posterity would view him"?

SOMETHING OF the same equivocation is admitted by Golding's fictitious novelist. "I feared to be the object of a biography. At the same time I was—no matter how hard I tried not to be—I was flattered by the possibility." But the grave, enigmatic courtesy of Samuel Beckett's dealings with Deirdre Bair is very different from the paranoid flight of Wilfred Barclay from Rick L. Tucker's "sedulous search into a past raw with unforgiving memories." In making his author a somewhat eccentric and wayward Englishman and his biographer a stolid, humorless American academic, Golding has set up a situation that is full of dramatic potential, and not without parallels in the real world of contemporary letters. Though Golding knows very well—who better?—what it is like to be a writer from whose imagination numerous professional scholars derive a parasitic living, he does not seem to know either the academic world or Americans well enough to make his novel work as literary satire.

It is impossible to get the character of Tucker into focus, or to place him in any recognizable academic context. Barclay surprises his aspirant biographer at an academic conference giving a paper on his use of relative clauses ("He had counted them, apparently, book by book. He had made a graph. . ."). Yet this kind of stylistic criticism is rarely if ever practiced by literary biographers. Then it turns out that Tucker first introduced himself to Barclay under false pretenses, as an assistant professor, when he was really just a research student; then, that he is being sponsored by a fabulously rich American collector of literary manuscripts who has given him seven years to get his hands on the Barclay archive, a deadline Tucker is desperate to meet. This melodramatic plotting (it entails Tucker's wife, Mary Lou, who becomes the millionaire's mistress) seems quite unnecessary to motivate the biographer: the desire to get tenure at the University of Astrakhan, Nebraska, would do just as well and be more plausible.

There are other improbabilities: Tucker speaks of getting his "dee phil," and wears a shirt of broad brown and white stripes—both British rather than American characteristics. There is some rather facile ridiculing of American idiom in the small talk of Tucker and his bride (" 'Was there any sun, hon?' . . . 'Why none, hon . . .' "). But most importantly, and damagingly, Tucker never displays that obsessive inwardness with his subject's work that is the characteristic mark of the really dedicated biographical critic, and which writers tend to find disconcerting rather than flattering. Rick Tucker never utters a line that suggests he could have written a good undergraduate paper on the work of Wilfred Barclay, let alone a critical biography. Instead he says things like, "You are part of the Great Pageant of English Literature."

If we suspend our disbelief in this level of the story, however, there is much to enjoy and ponder in *The Paper Men*. The title, consciously or unconsciously, echoes T. S. Eliot's "The Hollow Men." Both Barclay and Tucker are "paper men" not only in the metonymic sense that they live off and by paper (in the form of books, manuscripts, letters, etc.) but also in the metaphorical sense of being two-dimensional, incomplete human beings. Barclay has done more violence to his own self than any inquisitive biographer could do, by a lifetime's indulgence in vanity, lust, and booze, and he has injured his wife and daughter in the process. Tucker has sacrificed his own integrity as a human being in the unscrupulous quest to possess another's secrets. Both become equally paranoid and begin to hallucinate sightings of each other in different parts of the world. Their symbiotic relationship becomes crazier and crazier, climaxing in a blackly comic scene of ritual humiliation, when Barclay forces Tucker to lap white wine, doggie-fashion, from a saucer, as the price of becoming his executor.

THIS nasty deed, equally degrading to both parties, is in fact Barclay's last, desperate effort to resist the force of a religious illumination which has come to him unbidden and unexpected in the course of his travels, when he confronts a statue of Christ in a Sicilian cathedral.

> It was taller than I am, broad shouldered and striding forward like an archaic Greek statue. It was crowned and its eyes were rubies or garnets or carbuncles or plain red glass that flared like the heat in my chest. . . . I stood there with my mouth open and the flesh crawling over my body. I knew in one destroying instant that all my adult life I had believed in God and this knowledge was a vision of God. Fright entered the very marrow of my bones. Surrounded, swamped, confounded, all but destroyed, adrift in the universal intolerance, mouth open, screaming, bepissed and beshitten, I knew my maker and I fell down.

Wilfred Barclay thus joins the company of other, earlier Golding protagonists, like Pincher Martin, Sammy Mountjoy in *Free Fall*, and Dean Jocelin in *The Spire*, characters whose egotism and self-sufficiency collapse under the implacable pressure of the God whom they have denied or defied. Golding actually uses the same crustacean imagery for Barclay as for Pincher Martin. A "camp" friend tells him

> You see, you are what biologists used to call exoskeletal. Most people are what they called endoskeletal, have their bones inside. But you my dear, for some reason known only to God, as they say of anonymous bodies, have spent your life inventing a skeleton on the outside. Like crabs and lobsters. That's terrible you see, because the worms get inside and, oh my aunt Jemima, they have the place to themselves. So my advice . . . is to get rid of the armour, the exoskeleton, the carapace, before its too late.

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Golding's religious vision is powerful and idiosyncratic, deeply Protestant (or Pauline) in its emphasis on "conversion," and yet suffused with a Catholic mysticism. Wilfred Barclay finds himself suffering the stigmata—pains in the hands and feet corresponding to the wounds of the crucified Christ, "like St. Francis in reverse, as it were, for being a mother-fucking bastard as my best friend would say, instead of getting them as a prize for being good." Since Barclay is an alcoholic, and by his own admission "very receptive to hypnotic suggestion," the secular reader is free to interpret all this supernaturalism as psychosomatic, but it does change Wilfred Barclay's character. Whether the change comes "too late," as his friend warns him, is a moot point. Too late to offer comfort to his ailing wife, certainly, and too late to win back the love of his alienated daughter, but not perhaps too late to regain his own soul. Mr. Golding's novels are famous for their last-minute reversals of plot or implication. This time he has delayed the effect till the very last word of his text—and it is a stunner. To reveal more would be a sin against fiction.

DAVID LODGE

David Lodge's latest novel, *Small World*, was recently published in England and will be published in the United States by Macmillan.

PLUS CHAT CHANGE . . .

The Great Cat Massacre and Other Episodes in French Cultural History by Robert Darnton

(Basic, 320 pp., $17.95)

Robert Darnton has the inquisitiveness of a first-rate investigative reporter, the thoroughness of a rigorous scholar, and the sensitivity of a novelist. Rarely have these very different gifts been so deliciously combined as in the six "episodes in French cultural history" that make up his latest book. His aim is to make us understand how eighteenth-century Frenchmen thought, "how they construed the world, invested it with meaning, and infused it with emotion." This is also a book about reading: about how the French read in those years, and about how to read what they wrote. Darnton is brilliantly successful on all these counts.

Three of the episodes are exercises in interpretation. What is the meaning, or the message, of French fairy tales—those collected by Perrault in his *Contes de ma mère l'oye* (1697), and derived from the peasants' oral tradition? What does Nicolas Contat's account of a cat massacre perpetrated by two apprentices in the shop in which Contat was a worker tell us about the relations between the workers and the masters in the printing shop? What was the "epistemological strategy" of the *Encyclopédie*, whose authors—mixing metaphors—aimed at providing readers with a very deliberately reconstructed tree of knowledge?

The other three episodes are not so much attempts at breaking codes, as intelligent readings of reports: an exhaustive account of the social composition of Montpellier in 1768 by "an anonymous but solidly middle-class citizen of the city," an enormous file containing reports on 501 writers by a police inspector of the book trade (obviously a man of taste and wit, as well as a conscientious defender of the established order), an account of the way in which a Protestant merchant from La Rochelle responded to Rousseau, and particularly to *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, along with masses of other readers.

Each one of his stories is a gem. But Darnton's ambition is not simply to entertain the reader with interesting vignettes and good prose; he wants also to tell us something about the varieties of French culture in a different age. Two kinds of lessons can be drawn from these episodes. Some of the chapters tell us mainly about the differences between Frenchmen then and Frenchmen now. Nobody today would find a slaughter of cats funny, unlike the printing apprentices of the rue Saint-

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Séverin. As Darnton tells us the story, it is a gruesome case of workers' revenge against the master and his wife, a symbolic sexual violation of his wife (a cat lover), a humiliation of the boss in the form of a roundup of cats turned "into a witch hunt, a festival, a mock trial and a dirty joke," an expression of "working-class militancy" within the confines of *artisanat* (craft) and artisanal culture: "a popular rebellion, though it remained restricted to the level of symbolism," insofar as human beings were concerned (not, alas, with respect to the poor cats).

Similarly, the police inspector's files tell us how different the "Republic of letters" was in the years 1748-1753. Not in its social composition—the men of letters (and women, although there weren't many of them) came from all classes, except the peasantry—but in its way of life: they either had to work, or else they depended entirely on protectors. Often the choice seemed to be between the burdens of patronage and the gutter. The writers belonged to no clear or honorable social position: the inspector refers to them as "boys" (Diderot he termed "a very clever boy but extremely dangerous").

The four other chapters tell us more about similarities and continuity, however, than about the specificity and alien character of eighteenth-century France. Diderot was "dangerous" because he spoke "of the holy mysteries with scorn." The anticlerical and often antireligious passion that has so deeply marked modern France already guided the *Encyclopédistes'* strategy. (To this day it inspires the militant organizations of lay public school teachers. In the spring of 1984, France is—symbolically—dividing her attention between the economic battlefront, on which industries fall and workers are laid off, and the grand confrontation between the *laïcs* and the supporters of "free," i.e., private, i.e., mainly Catholic schools.) Darnton's skillful comparison of the *Encyclopédistes'* work with Francis Bacon's shows that their aim was to present the history of knowledge as the march of reason, to explain away such embarrassing exceptions as Pascal and Rousseau, to replace theology with philosophy (understood as reflection on empirical knowledge), and to "cast the philosophes in a heroic role"—in other words, to move the men of letters from Grub Street to the very top of the tree of knowledge.

This elevation of the intellectual (so well documented in France by Paul Bénichou) was achieved in a radically different way by Rousseau. Once again, we find the philosophes and Jean Jacques both antagonistic and complementary. The former made of the writers "the secular apostles of civilization," and saw civilization as the progress of reason and science. Rousseau was the high priest of feeling, and wanted, through the force of his personality and of his preaching, to change his readers' way of living, not just their way of thinking. The philosophes wanted to influence "society"—readers capable of sophisticated reasoning and enlightened judgment. Rousseau, concerned with moral matters, deemed society people corrupt beyond redemption, and addressed himself to souls still capable of true emotions and of virtue. Darnton's account of readers' responses to *La Nouvelle Héloïse*—all those letters from people telling the writer how he has, through rhetoric, changed their lives, and trying to get to see him in order both to express their gratitude and to receive further guidance—tells us of the birth of a kind of man of letters who is very different from the intellectual mentor the philosophes had in mind: the modern guru. The romantic historians and the poets of the nineteenth century tried to become the synthesis of the two, *directeurs de conscience* as well as intellectual explorers. The road of the philosophes turned into a dead end because of the increasing specialization and fragmentation of knowledge (Marxism appeared as a shortcut, and ended in an abyss); and so the guru came to prevail. But his own nemesis is the fake.

IT IS ALSO modern France that we see emerging in the description of Montpellier. The anonymous author seems to have been a perfect prototype of the French *bourgeois*: not in the least a capitalist—he wrote that it was the lack of manufactures that kept his city healthy!—but a man from a society where most bourgeois were professional men, where wealth, not birth, was what mattered ("but wealth was derived from traditional sources—land, offices, *rentes*, and trade—rather than from an industrial revolution"), where the greatest threat to order seemed to come from the common people's desire to cross the boundary that separated them from the bourgeois. As Darnton says, the author's ideal is *l'honnête homme*, that symbiosis of aristocratic and bourgeois values, and the

Reading Akhmatova

This morning I went into the woods
to find a beech tree of my childhood.
Gray-limbed, motherly and capacious,
it once seemed to me the only place
to brood over my mournful lucky life.
It was still there, but leafless,
not much taller than myself. I leaned
my cheek on a cool dead branch
and stood that way a while until
my own mawkishness embarrassed me—
the way I always lament these small
inexorable shifts in the ecology.
So I walked down the hill, my feet
crunching in the dry beech leaves,
and swam in the old lake, holy
as the world's past. Only a family
of mallards was swimming there, moving
toward shore until they sensed me
and turned and glided away,
their feet making a frantic stir
under the water's surface.

I've lost no one.
Not my mother, alone today
under anaesthesia, my frail father
waiting here by the phone, my son
and daughter thousands of miles apart,
thousands from me. Last night I woke
again and again, heard my gray cat
scratching to get out, and kept him in.
I'm ordinary—my fears are ordinary.

Gail Mazur

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society he describes is already that of post-revolutionary France: enlightenment and conservatism intertwined.

As for the peasants' views of life as expressed in folktales, it is that of *la France éternelle*. Comparing French and German versions of the same tales, Darnton finds the Germans veering into violence and mysticism, the French steering "straight for the village." They are not only more earthy, but they convey a delight for intrigue, an enthusiasm for underdogs surviving and (as Mr. Weinberger would say) prevailing through trickery and cleverness, a fondness for humiliating the rich and the mighty, a view of life and "a defense strategy," a lack of illusions combined with a gift for mockery—all that Laurence Wylie found two and a half centuries later in his village in the Vaucluse and Astérix displays in all of his comic book adventures.

A most rewarding book, then, for those of us who like to study France, and whose enjoyment of social science is at its peak whenever the gap between it and good literature is at its narrowest. It is too bad that Darnton, usually so light-footed a writer, engages here and there in methodological heavy breathing. Is it the proximity of Clifford Geertz in Princeton? I found the references to Bali and to anthropological history a bit ponderous: "thick description" à la Geertz is most applicable to thoroughly alien or opaque rites. (In fact, Darnton tries it really only in the case of the cat massacre, indeed the most distant from our own experience.) While I entirely share his view of the shortcomings of the *histoire des mentalités* that "attempts to measure attitudes by counting," and his conviction that "cultural objects . . . give off meaning: they need to be read, not counted," I'm not sure what he means by "the symbolic element in social intercourse," and by the anthropologists' "concept of culture-as-language."

Darnton worries about two shortcomings of his own attempt "to put together symbolic worlds that collapsed centuries ago." One is the problem of proof. What evidence is there behind his interpretations? In his erudite discussion of folktales, proof is, in my opinion, provided by the perfect fit between the texts and his readings. But tales can receive many readings, and while his amusing dismissal of Bruno Bettelheim's and Erich Fromm's interpretations of "Little Red Riding Hood" is justified by the fact that they read faulty texts, one could imagine perfectly convincing psychoanalytic readings of the authentic versions. No single interpretation can take care of all possible meanings. As for Darnton's second worry, about the problem of representativeness (are the episodes arbitrary or typical?), it is insoluble. Let us, therefore, be methodologically modest as well as eclectic, and let pedants be scornful!

STANLEY HOFFMANN

Stanley Hoffmann is Douglas Dillon Professor of the Civilization of France and chairman of the Center for European Studies at Harvard University.

A VARIETY OF VOICES

Days We Would Rather Know by Michael Blumenthal

(Viking, 119 pp., $14.95, $8.95 paper)

Michael Blumenthal's second collection of poems, *Days We Would Rather Know*, adds a buoyant and odd new presence to contemporary American poetry. On the one hand, Blumenthal's characteristic subjects are those normally considered tragic, ranging from tragedies of fate (the Holocaust) to tragedies of consciousness (for example, the dark suspicion that all one's so-called "knowledge" is only socially conditioned opinion). On the other hand, Blumenthal is certain that life exists to be lived, that the senses are to be enjoyed, and that the mind is bound to have some convictions. Like many poets, he lives in two universes at once, and at any moment the weather of his happier

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sensual poems can be clouded over with doubt, or the storms of his somber poems can shake off their tears. Blumenthal's capacity for inner volatility makes the poems exhilarating to read, full of lifts and turbulence. Social pieties, for instance, fall away like shed garments in an irrepressible poem about flying, "Over Ohio":

> You can say what you want about the evils of technology
> and the mimicry of birds: *I love it*. I love the sheer,
> unexpurgated *hubris* of it, I love the beaten egg whites
> of clouds hovering beneath me, this ephemeral Hamlet
> of believing in man's grandeur. You can have all that
> talk about the holiness of nature and the second Babylon.
> You can stay shocked about the future all you want,
> reminisce about the beauties of midwifery. I'll take this
> anyday, this sweet imitation of Mars and Jupiter this
> sitting still at 600 mph like a jet-age fetus. I want to
> go on looking at the moon for the rest of my life and seeing
> footsteps. I want to keep flying, even for short distances,
> like here between Columbus and Toledo on Air Wisconsin:
> an Andean condor sailing over Ohio, above the factories,
> above the dust and the highways and the miserable tires.

In its ending, this boyish poem admits the places where most of our time has to be spent—in life's factories and highways. Mostly, at the end, in his "miserable tires," Blumenthal is feeling what Hopkins called "the jading and jar of the cart,/Time's tasking." Without the tires and the factories, the poem would buy its elation too easily. As it is, the slide down from the helium of "*I love it*" to the drudgery of the human mileage is typical of Blumenthal.

Even in the grimmest poem here, Blumenthal finds a moment for quizzical humor. His father's siblings are by now all dead; looking at a family photograph, Blumenthal addresses his father:

> How it must make you think, constantly now, of
> your own dying, that last piece in death's long puzzle
> of jigsaw and reunion.

The odd metaphor of the puzzle reanimates the word "jigsaw" as a metaphor for Death's scythe, and enables the end of the poem:

> I hold this piece
> of you in my hand, wanting to hide it from whoever
> is playing, wanting to abort this long puzzle of dyings.

The domestic contest between the gods who want to put the last piece of the photograph-puzzle in place, and the son who tries to retain it alive in his poem is unexpected, in its comic pathos, in a tragic poem. Earlier in the poem, there is an equally unexpected comic view of what life offers the son—"just one more night of /listening to the feathers make love inside the pillow." It is these surprising inner breezes that prevent Blumenthal, when he is writing a sad poem, from becoming portentous; the poems have charm.

Monotony of tone is the first sign of a poet's own boredom with his writing: and so Blumenthal's variety of tone is a good sign. He commands that freshness of collocation that we call imaginativeness. Of God (considered imaginatively) he says:

> Had he rescued the nightingales from the floods
> and not shrouded the planets in secrecy,
> *Dayenu.*
> Had he shrouded the planets in mystery
> but not enticed us with the light that shines from them,
> *Dayenu.*
> Had he enticed us with the light that shines from the planets
> but not created the pasqueflower to console us in winter,
> *Dayenu.*

Though this lovely cascade of language has its origins in the "Passover litany thanking God for the blessings bestowed upon the Jews" (Blumenthal's note for the unaware; "dayenu" means "it would have sufficed for us"), it is handsome in itself, as it connects nightingales and planets, pasqueflower and light, and (later), misers, mist, and dandelions. There is a positive joy in finding an excuse to prepare such a liturgy.

Blumenthal's book improves as it advances. By the end, to my eye at least, Blumenthal is being stricter on himself, both formally and morally, as he arrays the claims of griefs and difficulties against the claims of undeniable appetites. (The appetite to learn, to believe, to create, and to know is as compelling to Blumenthal as the appetite to touch, taste, and see.) Against the appetites stand the angels of death and doubt,

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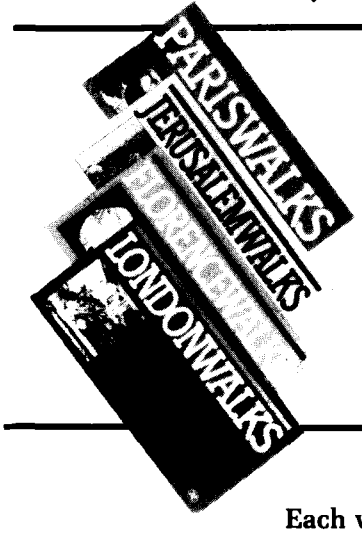

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casting their shadows. The simplest version of this confrontation appears here in that notoriously difficult genre, the Holocaust poem. A violinist in Buchenwald continues to play, "And the children, as if in answer, burn." Art goes on and evil goes on, parallel planes that never meet. No real interaction between the drive of art and the angel of death can be envisaged in this allegorical portrait. A far better poem, "The Bitter Truth," shows Blumenthal still struggling with eros and thanatos, but the two principles have been internalized, and fight it out on home ground. The poet addresses his wife, and questions the impulse of exclusivity in love or aesthetics: "How can I tell you that you are beautiful?/And that she, too, is beautiful? *And she/And she and she and it and he*?" The view that "wins" is that one may live in, but not finally act by, skepticism:

> To tell the truth is merely
> To repeat the words *I do not know* until they
> become insufferable: because to tell the truth
> is to say hardly anything at all, and nothing
> Delights like something said often and with
> great conviction; because if I tell the truth
> I too must end with *I do not know.*

These are a young man's poems, dizzy with discovering that something can be affirmed, that the world can be loved. From time to time, Blumenthal's obedient return to the quotidian—to miserable tires or the darkness of afternoon—seems merely something melancholy learned in childhood fighting against the real exuberance of physical health and spiritual beginnings. He would like to see a great Mozartian circle of reconciliation in the world, like the one he represents, comically, as "Jungians & Freudians at the Joseph Campbell Lecture," where the opposing camps (the fat purple-dressed Jungians and the gray Freudians "thin/from all their *Lieben und Arbeiten*") eventually come to a union where "everyone leaves happy"—

> The Jungians crying Freudian tears
> into their lavender garments,
> the Freudians purple with laughter
> in their dark gray suits,
> everyone delighted and friendly
> over Jungian wine and Freudian doughnuts
> in the pale, white room.

Such a happy ending may be taken as a propitiatory emblem offered by a spirit frightened of ill feeling. The more ill feeling Blumenthal encounters, the greater is the strain on his comedy and one might prophesy that down the road the humor will necessarily become blacker.

There are seventy poems here, some on classic themes ("The Snowstorm"), some whimsical, some grim. The grim ones are perhaps the most interesting. Blumenthal writes of why "we live at odds/with what we need," of "men letting/their best testimony run like wax down/The thighs of a stranger, until we betray/the hero that lives inside us." He is not sanguine about what it means to write poetry:

> Very few write back
> It's like a long correspondence
> with an autistic child. Every cry's
> a cause for ecstasy.

From this base of emptiness, the poems ascend in a long yearning. Many of the poems are about wishing, a theme that Blumenthal takes up in prolonged and fine-grained investigations, delicate and forceful at once. The formal inventions in which these inquiries are couched match the processes of hope and dream that they describe. "Days We Would Rather Know" is constructed around a convoluted time scheme of the now, the then, and the wished-for:

> There are days we would rather know
> than these, as there is always, later
> a woman we would rather have married
> than whom we did, in that severe nowness
> time pushed, imperfectly, to then.

And "Wishful Thinking" is strung on a set of frames each beginning "I like to think," each more hopeful and evanescent than the one before, until it all ends in the self-transcendence of the phoenix, a dream canonized by literary desire. It is these spirals of wish that are, at this moment, Blumenthal's signature:

> I like to think that ours will be more than
> just another story
> of failed love and the penumbras of desire. I like to think
> the moon that day was in whatever house
> the astrologists
> would have it in for a kind of quiet, a trellis
> lust could climb
> easily and then subside, resting against
> the sills and ledges,
> giving way like shore to an occasional tenderness, coddling

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the cold idiosyncrasies of impulse and
weather that pound it as it
holds to its shape against the winds and
dust storms
of temptation and longing.

The powerful flood of this yearning will have an ebb, perhaps, as powerful. The *beau mont*, said Stevens, is a hill of stones. At the moment, however, Blumenthal brings to the current spare and gloomy scene a rush of spirited and scattering joy, an abrupt sense of self, and a free-moving syntax. Rilke, Nemerov, O'Hara, and Berryman (among others) have gone into his making, but at his best he sounds like nobody else. I cannot think of anyone in America just now who might write as Blumenthal does about looking down on one's house after death:

Rising from the small, singular cots
of our celestial villages, we look down
on this: the mold mimicking grass
as it devours the ledges, the ivy
climbing like a pack of young boys
into the opaque windows, the willows
weeping and mopping their wet brows
against the shingles. Each year,
the earth is reclaiming more and more
of its progeny of sand: the heavens
reabsorb their tears from between
the bricks, the termites recycle
their mute homunculi of wood and ashes.

Though there are lively signs of verbal connection here (the mold, the mimicry, the mopping and the mute: the reclaiming, reabsorbing, recycling: "pack" and "opaque," tears and termites, sand and ashes), the courage of the passage comes from its plain refusal of euphony in moments of stress: "Each year, the earth is reclaiming more and more of its progeny of sand." Around that statement the ivy climbs, the willows weep, and the termites chew their homunculi. Blumenthal's fine sense of where to draw the line in style is his best claim on our attention, and his willingness to attempt all sorts of attitudes and genres is a good augury for the future.

HELEN VENDLER

Helen Vendler teaches at Boston University and Harvard University. Her most recent book, *The Odes of John Keats*, was published last year by Harvard. *Wallace Stevens: Words Chosen out of Desire* will appear this year from the University of Tennessee Press.

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By Edwin A. Abbott

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THE NEWS ON THE JEWS

American Modernity and Jewish Identity
by Steven M. Cohen
foreword by Charles E. Silberman

(Tavistock Publications, 210 pp., $22.00, $8.95 paper)

American Jews present a double aspect. Like any other ethnic or religious group, they have their parochial concerns, and the studies that form the basis of Steven M. Cohen's excellent survey of their present condition were inspired by the need for data to deal with them. At the same time, they are involved—indeed, are principal actors in—an international conflict with awesome potential consequences. One has the impression, therefore, that the surveys conducted by Jewish local and communal bodies to provide demographic data to guide communal planning for schools, community centers, old-age homes and the like, have a more than parochial interest and audience. One envisions, peering over the shoulders of Jewish sociologists, a mixed group of strategists for Presidential candidates, secretaries of state, European political leaders, Arab princes, Soviet hierarchs. For American Jews do occupy a crucial junction of world history. Whatever nuances we enter into the matter, the fact is that the greatest power on earth is committed to the survival and strength of the small Jewish state—a commitment in which it has no allies—in large measure because six million American Jews will not let it do otherwise.

Steven M. Cohen analyzes the condition of American Jewry primarily on the basis of two surveys of the Boston Jewish community, conducted in 1965 and 1975 for purposes of communal planning. This seems a limited basis for generalizations about American Jews, but it will serve. Indeed it must, because the U.S. census does not ask about religion; even when a full 40 percent of the short census form is devoted to ethnic questions, as in the last census, it will not allow American Jews to answer "Jew" or "Jewish" to any question. For the census that is religion, and an answer that falls under that label is forbidden. Nor do national public opinion surveys help much in telling us about the condition of American Jewry; a national survey of three thousand people picks up less than one hundred Jews, for Jews form probably only about 2.5 percent of the population. With that minuscule a number, it doesn't pay for Jewish national organizations to conduct national surveys to get information on American Jews. So local surveys, such as those of the Boston Jewish community that Cohen has analyzed, offer the best available data for detailed analysis.

The first survey in 1965 questioned a sample of fifteen hundred; the second in 1975, a sample of one thousand. Even the stretch of ten years that

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elapsed between the two studies permits us to see substantial change. And it is just the issue of the direction of change that worries leaders of the American Jewish community. The question is, how do Jewish identity, Jewish religious practice, Jewish involvements, fare over time? Clearly the immigrant generation knew more about Judaism, practiced more of it, felt more deeply about it, than later generations. Those concerned for Jewish survival and the maintenance of Jewish religious and organizational life wonder how well the third generation and beyond will keep up the great array of institutions, and honor the commitments—primarily now to Israel, but not only to Israel—that Jewish history has placed on them.

There have been two points of view on these matters, as Cohen tells us. The pessimists about Jewish survival tell us that there is less and less Jewishness, defined religiously or nationally or organizationally, from generation to generation, as Jews become better educated, earn higher incomes, move into professional occupations. This seems to make sense. All the effects of "modernization"—movement from the small, tradition-bound, Orthodox communities, which were the point of origin of all American Jews, to the world of large cities, secular education, business and professions and industry—have been to reduce Jewishness. Why expect it to stop?

BUT OTHERS argue that the decline levels off in time, that Jewish identity reformulates itself under the conditions of modernity. While many customs and beliefs are dropped, others become stabilized as symbols of Jewish life. Thus it becomes hard to say that the third or fourth generation Jew's support of Israel and his local synagogue is "less" Jewish than that of a grandparent who observed Orthodox requirements. He is a different kind of Jew, but he is no less a Jew.

The two surveys Cohen has analyzed should permit us to weigh these two positions. As is typical in the social sciences, the more we know, the more complex the question becomes; no easy answer is possible. Still, to summarize: most measures of Jewish identification do show a decline with generation, but there is little change between the third and the fourth generation. Perhaps the stabilization predicted by the second camp has occurred. But not so fast. The fourth generation is still young (27 years old in this sample, as against 32 for the third generation) and so with time and marriage and higher education its degree of Jewish identification may decline. Or strengthen, on the other hand, with family responsibilities. Cohen subdivides his sample by key demographic variables of generation, age, education, occupation, income, to get some grip on this question. Yet the finding seems in general to hold. Jewish religious practice and group identification decline until the third generation, and then seem to stabilize. Another possibility that has been suggested is that the later generations are polarizing; the Orthodox are becoming more committed, self-confident, aggressive; the indifferent are becoming more numerous; the number of moderate Jews in the center is declining. There is some evidence for this hypothesis, too.

OF COURSE it is not only the succession of generations in a free society that is thought to dissolve Jewishness. Education and higher income are expected to have the same effect. The Jews of Boston are remarkably well educated. In 1975 no less than 74 percent were college graduates, and more than 40 percent of those had graduate degrees. If we look at the group between the ages of 25 and 34, a phenomenal 57 percent have graduate degrees. Yet education as such seems to have little effect on observance or identification. Fifty-one percent of the college graduates observe Yom Kippur; so do 63 percent of those with graduate degrees. One of the most revealing questions to me is whether "most" or "all" of the subjects' friends are Jewish. Fifty-one percent of the college graduates, 46 percent of those with graduate degrees, say "most or all" in 1975. The figures for 1965 were 60 and 55 percent. A higher percentage of the lesser educated have all or mostly Jewish friends. There is no difference in intermarriage by education, but it has risen sharply overall from about 3 to 13 percent in ten years.

Intermarriage raises the threat that there will be fewer Jews. So does delayed marriage (in which Jews are following the same pattern as other Americans—except that they delay even more, owing to more of them going to college and graduate school) and a very reduced birth rate. And fewer Jews raises the possibility of less political influence. Thus we arrive at the big question: What is happening to the Jewish commitment to Israel? Here Cohen has more recent data, and national data, from a survey conducted in 1981-1982. We see revealed clearly the political schizophrenia that characterizes American Jews today. Overwhelmingly liberal, they also overwhelmingly support Israel. But they are not sure that they want the single major power that supports Israel to be strong, too. Almost half of those surveyed are against

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increased defense spending, and more than half are against decreasing social spending. The survey shows that no less than 65 percent of American Jews are Democrats (against 12 percent Republicans). Yet only 38 percent voted for Carter; Anderson received a remarkable percentage of the Jewish vote, 19 percent. Liberalism goes up with generation and with education; it declines with income.

Support for Israel's survival is, again, overwhelming. ("If Israel were destroyed, I would feel as if I had suffered one of the greatest personal tragedies in my life." Eighty-three percent agree. "Jews should not vote for candidates who are unfriendly to Israel." Seventy-eight percent agree.) But on Israel's present policies there is more division. Seventy-four percent support Israel's refusal to talk to the P.L.O., but 41 percent prefer an independent Palestinian state to the annexation of the West Bank. Forty percent would return most of the occupied territories for peace. One observes less concern for Israel and less support for Israel's policies among the more educated, among the young, among the secular and the minimally observant, among the left-liberals.

American Jewish support for Israel, then, is firm, but one suspects it is seen as firmer in the minds of Congressmen and elected political officials than it really is. Even if the hard core of the observant, who are most supportive of Israel, do not decline proportionally in the future, it is hard to believe that their influence and numbers will grow much.

So the question remains: what happens to Jewish identity as we move further and further from traditional origins? Continued decline? Arrest? Reversal? Steven M. Cohen is too careful a sociologist to do more than present his data. It seems to report a slowdown in the decline of Jewish commitment. It gives some sign, perhaps, of an arrest of the decline. Little in the data suggests reversal. But there is still history, and it would be foolhardy to project a precipitous fall of Jewish commitment in the future.

NATHAN GLAZER

Nathan Glazer's most recent book is *Ethnic Dilemmas 1964-1984* (Harvard University Press).

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Notebooks 1960-1977 by Athol Fugard, edited by Mary Benson (Knopf). A record of art under the rule of apartheid. (Reviewed 4/9/84)

Ernest Bevin: Foreign Secretary 1945-1951 by Alan Bullock (Norton). The final years of a great English statesman. (4/9/84)

The Black Book of Polish Censorship translated and edited by Jane Leftwich Curry (Random House). An invaluable inside view of the workings of Communist censorship. (4/2/84)

Congress and the Common Good by Arthur Maass (Basic). A book that makes sense of the most complicated legislature in the world. (4/2/84)

The High Walls of Jerusalem: A History of the Balfour Declaration and the Birth of the British Mandate for Palestine by Ronald Sanders (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). A clear and comprehensive account of one of modern diplomacy's most influential documents. (3/19/84)

The Wall Jumper, by Peter Schneider, translated by Leigh Hafrey (Pantheon). A novel about dislocated lives on both sides of the Berlin Wall. (3/5/84)

An Interrupted Life: The Diaries of Etty Hillesum, 1941-1943 translated by Arno Pomerans, edited by J. G. Gaarlandt (Pantheon). The spiritual and sensual reflections of a young Jewish woman who died in a concentration camp. (3/26/84)

I Wish This War Were Over by Diana O'Hehir (Atheneum). A first novel whose people and places are unforgettably vivid. (3/19/84)

Hazlitt: The Mind of a Critic by David Bromwich (Oxford University Press). A major study of England's most restless Romantic. (3/12/84)

The Heyday of American Communism: The Depression Decade, by Harvey Klehr (Basic). The last word on the American Communist movement's ties to Moscow. (3/5/84)

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

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TOM FEHSENFELD
Grand Rapids, Michigan

GENERATION VENERATION

To the editors:

Reading Charles Krauthammer's "Washington Diarist" (TNR, March 5), I am unable to decide whether someone whose analyses are normally so perceptive can really fail to understand that there *is* a distinct generation out here whose collective experience consists of more than what it does not share with its predecessors.

I know what Senator Biden meant when he discussed the effects that the Vietnam era had on members of my generation. To state that "the older generation went through the 1960s and 1970s too" is disingenuous. Those whose political consciousness was formed around the time of the Kennedy Presidency, the Vietnam War, the civil rights movement's greatest victories, and the terrible assassinations of the 1960s, constitute a distinct and potentially powerful cohort within the American electorate. They are, for a number of reasons, not particularly moved by the traditional left-right dichotomies which have dominated the American political debate since the New Deal. Mr. Krauthammer ought to recognize what Senators Hart and Biden know: that there is a crucial difference between growing up in a decade like the 1960s and merely "going through" it.

DAVID OCHMANEK
Bonn, Germany

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Political Etiquette

WITH A WEEK to go before the New York primary, the campaign has taken a nasty and depressing turn. Everyone is "going negative." Mondale started it, and he has carried it furthest. His campaign has always had a mechanistic quality. Its original strategy was to take a bunch of constituencies and bolt them together into a huge, clanking political robot. The robot got dented in New Hampshire, and since then it has had only one thought on its raging metal mind: destroy. Destroy Gary Hart. Destroy him and his accursed new ideas. Hart is unsteady, unreliable, unprincipled, a Cabbage Patch doll, a beefless burger in a cloud of hairspray, etc. This is the message, virtually the only message, of Mondale's ads and speeches. The other day Mondale called Hart "frantic." And a whispering campaign mounted by some out-of-control Mondale supporters in Washington pictured Hart as an unstable former psychiatric patient. It isn't enough for Hart to be just inept or inexperienced; apparently he must be seen to be insane as well. One thing all this doesn't do is to engage Hart's ideas in any way. And there is a tincture of hate in it.

HART TOO has turned to negative campaigning, at a slightly higher level than Mondale, but only slightly. For example, he has been going around attacking Mondale for having privately opposed but publicly supported selling F-15s to the Saudis during the Carter Administration. Hart knows perfectly well that in doing this Mondale was doing nothing dishonorable, in fact was doing what Hart himself would have done in Mondale's shoes. Hart's attack can be effective only with people who are ignorant—ignorant, in this case, of the necessary constraints upon the freedom of Vice Presidents. The attack is therefore cynical, as any appeal to ignorance is cynical. For Hart, though, negative campaigning is part of a larger error he has been making ever since New Hampshire. Having scored one of the greatest upsets in American political history by talking about the need for new ideas, he suddenly decided to play the other guy's game on the other guy's turf. Whatever possessed Hart to jettison wholesale politics—the politics of themes and ideas—and to embrace a retail politics of negativism, ethnic appeals, and special-interest pandering? The craziness began in Illinois, where Hart mysteriously chose to involve himself in the poisonous local politics of Chicago and thereby managed to turn probable victory into disastrous defeat. A week later, I had to rub my eyes in disbelief when I read in *The New York Times* that Hart had wandered into an Irish bar in Queens and had "told some of the pub patrons that he favored a united Ireland." A united *Ireland?* What is he talking about? The ethnic political game is alive and well in New York, but that doesn't mean everybody has to play it. And with his cowboy boots and his blurry roots, Hart is simply not believable as an ethnic politician.

THE MORNING MAIL brings an example of the state of the ethnic political art in New York: a "press advisory" from the Social Democrats, USA, a grouplet descended from the pro-Vietnam War wing of the old Norman Thomas Socialist Party. (The sainted Norman himself was against the war, I hasten to add.) The "press advisory," entitled "Questions for Gary Hart on the Middle East," is a disgusting little smear. Among the "issues" it coyly says "require further explanations" is the fact that Hart has a personal account at the "Arab-owned First American Bank of Washington, D.C.," and that his campaign got a loan from said bank. Actually, "further explanations" had already been provided, in a story by Brooks Jackson in the March 23 *Wall Street Journal*. Jackson reported, among other things, that the Hart campaign hadn't known that the bank had been sold in 1982 to a group of holding companies ultimately owned by Arab investors; that as soon as the campaign learned this, it paid the loan off and switched its business to the Women's National Bank and the union-owned National Bank of Washington; that the loan was fully secured and the interest rate two percentage points above the prime rate; and that Hart's personal account at First American dated from years before the new investors took over the bank. None of these facts were in the "press advisory." I can add one more: at least two of my colleagues here at TNR, both of whom are passionate Zionists, also have accounts at First American. Big deal.

EAGER FOR DISTRACTION from these sordid doings, I duck into the Vista International Hotel for the press conference of President Mitterrand of France, who is in town on a state visit. It is plainly a serious event: Joseph Kraft himself takes a seat up front. Next to him is a venerable lady in a spotted fur coat and hat. Mitterrand enters; he looks hollow-eyed and pale, but he is in a good humor. It is always pleasant to hear the French language expertly spoken, and Mitterrand is using diplomatic phrases that are by nature soothing: "*Un échange de vues . . . un grand peuple* (he means the Russians) . . . *les intérêts de la paix . . . relations normales . . . ce grand peuple* (the Americans this time) . . . *un meilleur climat. . . .*" He is handling himself well; I notice a French reporter blowing air through pursed lips in grudging tribute. For the last question, Mitterrand calls on the spotted lady. "Mr. President," she says, "What is your secret for staying healthy, happy, and handsome?" Mitterrand appears dumbstruck; his hands go to the headset through which he is listening to a translation. "*Est-ce que c'était la question?*" he asks wonderingly. Then light dawns. "*C'était sans doute un journal diététique qui posait la question,*" he says with satisfaction. A diet newspaper. Of course. This is America. He proceeds to answer with considerable charm, saying he is not an especially happy man though he has his moments, and that he tries to be moderate in his habits though it goes against his nature. "As for Madame's aesthetic opinions," he concludes, "I must say I find it agreeable to hear this from a lady, because it enables me still to cherish the hope she is not the only one who thinks so." Is he purposely playing to the stereotype of the gallant Frenchman? Probably, but so what. Ethnic politics can also be fun.

H.H.

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